

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



NEWSPAPER

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SUMMER WATERING-PLACES.

No. 2—Ocean House, Newport, R. I.
No. 3—Lake George. See Pages 106-107.

WHAT a pleasant association will this name revive in the memories of our fair readers! For Newport is to the people of this country what Brighton is to England or Biarritz to France, not only the resort of fashionable idlers, but the summer abode of many of our princely merchants. When the hot sun renders existence in the city merely an endurance—and that time is certainly about now—the cool breezes here come playing in from the ocean, and beauty laves itself in the waves of the broad Atlantic, buoyant and happy. But Newport is not only popular as a watering-place in consequence of its bathing advantages; the climate is salubrious, and the facilities of communication with other cities

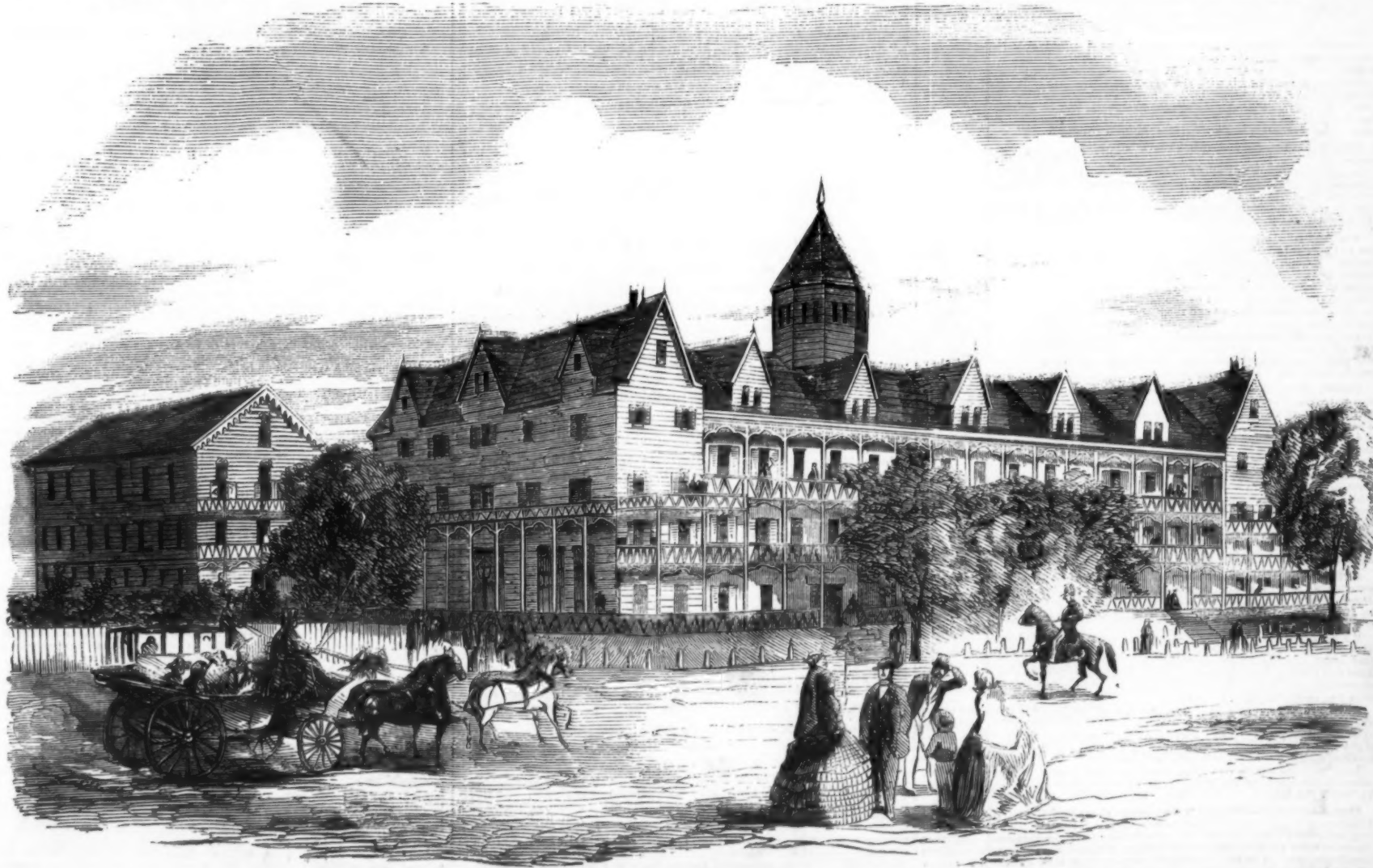
have led to the erection of many elegant private residences, where, during the height of the season, many pleasant reunions occur, to which the visitors are hospitably invited.

There are also many delightful drives around Newport; a favorite one is to the Glen. This is a narrow valley, between two beautifully-wooded hills, at the foot of which runs a sparkling stream, rippling over shelving rocks or winding between banks covered with moss and flowers. A pond and rustic mill at the upper end, embosomed in trees, make a good study for the artist in search of foregrounds of rocks, foliage and water. The "Spouting Rock," "Lily Pond," the "Old Stone Tower," the "Keep," &c., are all of interest and will repay a visit. If Newport had no other attractions, we should praise it for its deep sea fishing. But its natural scenery is charming, and a stroll inland over the country bountifully repays the enterprising pedestrian for his trouble. Unfortunately, far too few of our summer loungers at Newport are inclined to make use of the means of locomotion given them by Nature.

The two fashionable drives to Easton's Beach and Fort Adams, in the height of the season, are equally brilliant and gay. Splendid equipages, with elegantly dressed ladies, crowd the road, the ambitious driving four in hand or tandems, while some few people caracole along on spirited horses. The beach is nearly a mile in length, and between the hours of nine and twelve A.M., ladies and gentlemen sport in the water to the number of hundreds. The scene at this time is particularly exciting, the long range of carriages bordering the shore, the white tipped waves rolling in from the broad ocean far up the sand, and submerging the fair bathers amid shouts of laughter and faint screams from the amateurs, while stretching behind, the hills circle you with a belt of green.

We present to our readers an engraving of the Ocean House, which is the rendezvous of fashion, and where nightly the world of beauty and elegance congregate to dance, to walk and to be merry. The broad piazzas and halls, stretching from one end of the hotel to the other, are admirably adapted for summer, the cool air obtains free access to all parts of the house, and equalizes the temperature. A fine band is stationed here in the evening which discourses excellent music, and the Terpsichorean lovers can indulge to their heart's content. The Ocean has long been under the supervision of Messrs. J. G. Weaver & Son, and is admirably conducted in every respect, the proprietors sparing neither trouble nor expense to render it worthy of the reputation it has gained. The *cuisine* is admirable, being under the supervision of the most skilful professional cooks. The rooms are airy and comfortable in the best sense of the word, the attendance prompt and courteous, and the whole surroundings of the Ocean House are replete with the most pleasant associations and reminiscences of days and nights of social enjoyment and refined amusement. We have known Mr. Weaver for many years, and feel perfect confidence in trusting our friends to his care, that they will meet, in the Ocean House, Newport, with all that attention and consideration so necessary to the perfect enjoyment of those who leave the luxuries of an elegant home for a brief sojourn at a watering-place.

The fishing to be enjoyed at Newport is celebrated all over the country. Commodious and well-built boats are always to be had, accompanied by skilful veterans in the piscatory art, who instruct the novice in all the mysteries of deep-sea angling, trolling, baiting, &c.; and rich are the rewards of those who venture out upon the deep in pursuit of the silvery denizens of the Atlantic. Luxurious bass and heavy bluefish, cod, hake, halibut,



SUMMER WATERING PLACES.—OCEAN HOUSE, NEWPORT, R. I.

sometimes mackerel, and now and then, when an excitement is needed and Providence is benign, a veritable swordfish, are hauled up by the lucky amateur, and displayed with pardonable pride to the envious glances of less venturesome companions, as he returns, sharp-set and saline, to the Ocean House.

The tourist from New York will find the Fall River Line the most speedy and convenient. The Bay State, Capt. Jewett, and the Metropolis are commendable boats, and provide an excellent table, which is always acceptable to the epicure.

MY BONNIE WESTERN FLOWER.

By Henry C. Watson.

Across the rolling prairie
I rode full many a mile,
But met I not a single soul
The tedious to beguile.
At length I saw a cabin rude,
Too rough for lady's bower,
And yet beneath its humble roof
There bloomed the Western Flower!
The rose of health blushed on her cheeks—
No city paint was there!
The fire of youth was in her eyes,
And flashed and sparkled clear!
Her form was lithe and round and full—
O charm of Nature's dower!
A mortal Hebe lived and breathed,
That lovely Western Flower!
My faithful steed I quickly housed,
And all his wants supplied,
Then laid my knife and rifle true,
And hunting gear aside.
I sat me by the blazing hearth,
Nor spoke for near an hour—
My heart and thoughts were all for thee,
Thou Bonnie Western Flower!
And after many days had passed,
Unto my host I said—
"I fain would stay for ever here—
Give me yon gentle maid!"
And when I asked her to be mine,
Her bright eyes 'gan to lower—
Then to my proud, glad heart I pressed
My Bonnie Western Flower!

DOMESTIC MISCELLANY.

Dreadful Work.—One evening last week a young couple arrived at the Spencer House, Cincinnati, and asked to be shown where they could get somebody to marry them. When they arrived at the Probate Court, the Judge refused to grant them a licence—they begged very hard—hinted they might get desperate, and give the ceremony the go by—all in vain. The fair and fond Indiana elopers swore they would manage it somehow. On their way they met a magistrate, who took compassion on their hardihood, and he agreed to make them one, licence or no licence. He accompanied them, therefore, to one of the Kentucky ferries, and in the middle of the beautiful Ohio performed the ceremony, and pronounced them man and wife. Much delighted were Wesley and Mahala, and with expressions of eternal gratitude to the proprietors and clerks of the Spencer, and the justice that had joined the streams of their lives together upon the stream of the Ohio, they departed to some more Northern clime, to dream of future joy and pass with happy hearts their golden honeymoon.

Queer Revelations.—In Philadelphia, last week, one Byrum sued Lloyd & Co. to recover \$364 for engraving plates for a work called "Kane's Arctic Expedition." The evidence showed that Kane had nothing to do with the book, and that it was in fact a cheat throughout. It was proved that an engraving of a picture representing the Advance as stuck fast in the ice, was copied from an old picture in the life of Captain Lewis Cook, with the exception of the ice, which was put in according to Byrum's fancy; that the portrait of Sontag, one of Kane's officers, was copied from the likeness of an old highwayman in the *Police Gazette*, and the occupation of Saturn from an old geography, &c., &c. The book, nevertheless, gave immense satisfaction to the public, who bought thousands of copies. The jury made the publishers pay.

Post Office Purty.—A Washington paper gives the following specimen of a mean postmaster: "A lady sent to one address, and in the same envelope, two letters, to different correspondents. The postmaster detected it, and wrote to the fair transgressor that she had rendered herself liable to a criminal prosecution, and threatened her with the vengeance of the Government. He displayed his gallantry, however, in a P. S., informing her that, since a lady was in the case, he would, on the receipt of ten dollars, propitiate Uncle Sam, and hush up the matter. But the fair correspondent repulsed his tender mercies," and enclosed the correspondence to the Post Office Department!" He is worthy of being one of the Stump-tailed Aldermen! We presume, of course, he has been dismissed!

Stabbing Affray on Governor's Island.—Bridget McDonald, a servant girl employed in the apartments of Mr. Seers, a bugleman on Governor's Island, complains at City Hall that Mrs. Seers had stabbed her in the arm. Seers was assaulting his wife, she says, when Mrs. Seers implored her aid. Bridget refused, remarking that she never would interfere between man and wife. This enraged Mrs. Seers to such an extent, that on getting away from her husband she rushed at Bridget with a knife and cut a severe gash in her arm. The Mayor issued a warrant for the accused.

The Trouble in Dr. Cheever's Church.—A committee of three members of Rev. Dr. Cheever's church who had applied for letters of dismission and recommendation in the usual form, but who were presented with certificates of dismission without recommendation, have addressed an appeal "To the Christian Public," giving their version of the case, and protesting against the action of the church. The committee consists of C. E. Wood, E. M. Kingsley and R. N. Havens.

An Act of Justice.—It is reserved for few men to be so generally popular as Captain Leonard, who was for many years captain of the second ward police. A slight error in judgment led him to side with Fernando the First, by which he lost his position. He carried his mistaken fidelity to a wrong cause so far as to refuse the Superintendentship of the Police. We are glad to see that he has been reappointed by the present Commissioners. Captain Leonard is one of the most respected and reliable of all our officials. We wish he would see if some means cannot be found to take those poor drugged children from bogan mothers, who expose them on door steps to excite public compassion. Out of those street children come all the crime of New York. We have done our part in arresting the giant evil of swill milk, let the police do what they can in snatching these children from death and moral ruin.

Helen Jewett once More.—This celebrated murder, which some years ago caused as much excitement as the Burdell case, has been brought again before the public by a Richard Pease Robinson, of Sacramento, who publishes a card denying that he was the Richard P. Robinson, the murderer of Helen. Col. Hatch, of Marysville, California, comes out and exonerates him by stating that the R. P. Robinson, who confessed the crime, died some five years ago in Louisville. He was County Clerk for Natchitoches, Texas, and endeavored, by his exemplary life, to wipe out that deed of blood. He married a most amiable woman, and has left a widow and three children, under the name of Parmelee, which he adopted. He was not known as the murderer on his first election, but on his second, upon being accused of the crime, he confessed it, and had so won the esteem and affection of the people that, in despite of that natural prejudice against murderers, &c., they elected him. As it is quite certain now that every murderer escapes between the jury and the Governor, we advise all acquitted villains to repent as earnestly as did the assassin of Helen Jewett.

A Brooklyn Sappho.—It is not every lady who has the courage to prepare for her letter end—that stern monitor. We notice, however, that the *Home Journal* gives that fortitude to the fair Estella, who has been modelled by Mr. Ward, and intended for a sarcophagus in the family vault in Greenwood cemetery:

"The figure is in a reclining posture, resting on a cushioned couch; the right arm pressing the pillow to support the upper portion of the form, while the left hand lightly touches the golden strings of a lyre. The left hand rests on the knee and holds a manuscript; the head is slightly raised, the profuse natural ringlets thrown back, and the eyes are uplifted with a rapt expression, as if they had caught a poetic inspiration.

"The drapery is very full, covering the figure from the shoulders to the slipped feet, and flowing over the couch, yet it is light enough to reveal the symmetry of a perfect form. There is a deal of expression in the fingers of the right hand; they seem to be really thrilling from the touch of the lyre, and instinct with the thought its music has awakened."

Long may she see her own effigy pre-occupy her place. She can, however, afford to die, since she has been painted by our great artist, Elliott, and modelled by Ward.

Our Sheridan.—Brougham has many characteristics of that brilliant Irishman of the last century, the author of the "Rivals." The same good luck with their plays, and the same bad luck with their theatres. Wherever Sheridan went he made friends—sometimes without deserving them—and so does Brougham. The leading organ of Democracy, *Forney's Press*, thus speaks of his last trip to Philadelphia:

"Mr. John Brougham will receive a benefit from his friends and admirers to-morrow night in the Walnut Street Theatre, Mrs. Powers having, like a good kind woman, lent that temple for the occasion. To the weak, ungainly creatures who want to know what Mr. John Brougham has done that he should have a benefit, we can say that he has done more than any other actor of the day to make the theatre a cheerful, genial, happy place; that he has helped our people liberally to enjoyment, which they need so very badly."

Kitchen Wisdom.—The *Home Journal* communicates this little bit of useful knowledge to the world:

I pare the taters 'jist one hour
Afore I bile them; then I pour
Cold water on 'em; there they sot
Till they are ready for the pot;
Then, when the water's billing hot,
I put 'em in and let 'em bile,
Taking good care they shall not spile;
Then let 'em steam ten minutes, when
They're fit to eat by gentlemen.

These are evidently from Willis's elegant pen.

Boston Mercantile Library Association.—The last meeting of the outgoing Board of Government of the Boston Mercantile Library Association, which took place a week or two since, was most affecting. Much genuine and honorable emotion was evinced by the president and the assembled officers, who united in singing, at the close of their final session, Burns's "Auld Lang Syne!" A handsome set of Webster's works was presented to the indefatigable recording secretary, Mr. Charles H. Frothingham, who is appointed in this year's board a member of the lecture committee. He is succeeded in the secretaryship by Mr. D. Webster Evans, a young gentleman of distinguished merit. The Boston association has our best wishes.

Zouave Morality.—The daily papers have been much disturbed lately with the adventures of a Captain de la Riviere, who claims to be one of the nine men who stormed the Malakoff. It appears that he ran away with the daughter of a Southern planter, and took the mother too, which is, we believe, sometimes done in la belle France. The father, Colonel Blount, hearing that he had already a wife, pursued the elopers, and arrived in time to prevent the bigamous proclivities of the gallant Zouave being then carried out, and brought his young chicken and the old hen to New York. Here, however, these birds gave him the slip—and determined to be ruined, they rejoined the gallant de la Riviere. Discovering their flight, the unfortunate father put the matter in the hands of the police, who tracked the Malakoff stormer over to the Napoleon Hotel, Hoboken. Procuring a warrant from Judge Whitley, the Chief of the Hoboken Police, Frank Macdonough, demanded the right to search the house. The hotel-keeper wrenched a banister from the stairs, and throwing himself into a warlike attitude, swore he would resist to the death. Frank Macdonough's revolver soon cooled his courage, and the valiant captain was captured. He was then taken before Judge Whitley, and held to bail, a Dutchman becoming his surety. No tidings have been received of the two ladies. Captain de la Riviere has written a letter, in which he acknowledges his former marriage, but says it is illegal by French law, as he had not the sanction of his mamma and papa. We opine he will find his parents' consent not quite strong enough to set aside American law. His letter is a model of modesty, and much in the style of the Hyene who fought the *Figaro* writer.

Free Lovers.—There has been a grand gathering at Rutland, Vermont, and perhaps never were there more crazy persons in one assemblage. The chief actors were Mrs. Branch, no relation, we are happy to say, of Mr. Aldiger Vermifuge Branch; Lucy Stone, Ernestine Rose, and many others of a similar stripe. There were also many old sinners there, such as Curtis, Blackwell (Lucy's Prince Albert), and other Molly Coddies. We noticed in reading the speeches, that all the women's notions ran on indecency, and the men's on blasphemy. Mrs. Branch, who is, we understand, a fine-looking woman of thirty, was boiling over to have a child by every able-bodied man she met, on the principle of "loving where, when, and how she pleased," while the men were for pitching the Bible to a place where thermometers are no go. It was a very disgusting spectacle, and leads us to regret that, while we have a law to punish indecent exposure of person, we have none to punish indecent exposure of mind.

New Orleans Scandal and Crim. Con.—That most revolting case of Woodman vs. Furness is dragging its foul length along the New Orleans newspapers. The case is so fresh in the public mind that we shall not revert to the evidence. The following is, however, new, and shows the recklessness of the guilty woman: "The deposition of J. H. Silvy was then read. Dependent stated that he was at the Winthrop House in August, 1857; Mrs. Woodman came to the hotel and remained about five days; a gentleman named Furness called upon her at her room; stated to Mrs. Woodman that a man had been seen in her bed; Mrs. Woodman told him that the morning in question she was in bed, and some one knocked at the door, and when she opened it pushed himself in, and said he would get into her bed and compromise her." Mr. Woodman evidently neglected his wife.

A Human Curiosity.—Died, at Durham, Maine, on the 22d ult., Mrs. Elizabeth Parker, supposed to have been the oldest person in the State. The Maine papers say that her age was nearly 115 years. She was born in 1743, thirty-three years before the Declaration of Independence. Till she was about 110, she possessed bodily vigor sufficient to enable her to work in the garden, an employment she took great delight in.

A Learned Doctor.—A correspondent has sent us an extract from a memorandum book, which he found in a Sixth Avenue car last week. It has the name of an Irish physician in it, who lives near Sixteenth street. We hope our correspondent has returned the book, without waiting to see it advertised:

"Kase 230, Mary Ann Perkins, Blanes, washwoman. Sickness in her head. Flisk sum blue pills a cooperfisk; aged 52. Ped me one dollar, 1 kwarter boges. Mind get good kwarter and make her tak me flisk."

"Kase 231, Tummes Krinks, Blanes, Nicishman, Lives with Pady Moloney who keeps a dray. Sickness, dig in ribs and tow black eyes. Flisk to drink my mixer twict a day of snasperly bere and jollop, and fish file, with asidifity to make it taste flisky. Rubbed his face with kart green liniment, aged 39 years of age. Drinked the mixer and wuddnt pay me bekause it tasted nasty, but the mixer 'il work his innards, I reckon."

"Kase 232, Old Misses Bogges. Aint got no bimes, but plenty of money. Sickness aul a hamburg. Gave h r sum of my celebrated 'Dipe-boikoa,' which she sed drank like cold teea—which it was too. Must put sumthink in it to make her flisk sick and bad. The Old Woman has got the roks."

Utah.—Gen. Johnstone is about marching into Salt Lake city with his troops, now amounting to 3,000 men. He has been reinforced by Capt. Marcy's command from Santa Fe and the supply trains of Col. Hoffman from Fort Leavenworth; his men were in fine condition and his stock of animals complete. The Governor and Peace Commissioners had already preceded him. The entrance of the army to the capital of the "Saints" will put the intentions of the Mormons to a practical test. It is said that Gov. Cumming's conduct has been so equivocal as to disgust the authorities with him. With such brutes as Brigham Young and the elders the only argument is a halter.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

Parliamentary Summary from June 18 to June 23.

HOUSE OF LORDS, Friday, June 18.—Nothing of public interest.
Monday, June 21.—The Bishop of Oxford moved for the correspondence between the British Government and the Governor of Hong Kong respecting emigration from Hong Kong and China since 1856. His object was to ascertain whether the principle of emigration had been abused, and whether the unfortunate Chinese, under the cover of free emigration, had been induced to leave China for what subsequently proved to be slavery in its worst form. The Earl of Carnarvon said the emigration of coolies to British colonies had been satisfactorily conducted; but he was bound to admit that, in reference to foreign possessions, the principles of free emigration had been grossly abused. Government had no objection to produce the papers. Lord Brougham thought it was the duty of the Government absolutely and immediately to prohibit the system.

On the 22d the proceedings in the House of Lords were unimportant.
Tuesday, June 22.—In consequence of Lord Derby's illness, all important business was postponed.

Wednesday, June 23.—Nothing of any public interest.

HOUSE OF COMMONS, Friday, June 18.—The state of American relations was debated—the speakers all admitting the justice of our complaints, but reflecting on our want of earnestness in carrying out the treaty to put down slavery. Roebuck was very severe, and justly so, on the schoolboy declamation of some of our Senators.

Monday, June 21.—Miller Gibson moved the abolition of the paper duties. Disraeli admitted their impolicy, but could not do without the money at that time. Gibson contented himself with the admission of the Government, that they ought to be repealed.

In Committee of Supply a vote of £654,000 for public educational purposes was agreed to. It was stated that over 200,000 children were deriving benefit from these expenditures for education.

Tuesday, June 22.—A resolution was moved by Lord Hotham, condemning the paid advocacy of all Members of Parliament on subjects before the House. It was carried by 210 to 57.

Mr E. Bulwer Lytton stated that owing to irregularities in the mail service with Australia the present contract was to be cancelled and a new one entered into.

Wednesday, June 23.—No business of public importance.

FRANCE.

There is an ambiguity in the French language which almost reaches double entendre. It is difficult to know what their political editors mean. We therefore give from the *Press* a fresh idea of England's new Austrian alliance, which we don't believe in: "A people cannot, with impunity, set itself up as the antagonist of all the living on earth, the auxiliary of all effete influences. If the peace of Europe be not disturbed, England will only peril her reputation in the game. But if any unforeseen event give occasion to war; if a general insurrection of the rajahs imperil the existence of Turkey; if Italy, urged to despair, rise once more against Austria; if France, observant of the universal

discontent, seeks to provoke a reconstruction of the European balance, upon foundations more equitable and less fragile, what part will England play, outnumbered with the mischievous baggage of her Indian Empire in revolt, and outwitted by the efforts to enforce the authority of the Sultan over a Christian population, and of the Austrian Emperor over Italy, an authority equally valid in either case?"

AUSTRALIA.

Advices are from Sydney, 11th, and from Melbourne, 17th March. The Melbourne Herald says:

"One great event has signified the political history of the past month, it is the fall of the second Haines ministry, and the reinstatement of Mr. O'Shanassy at the head of the administration. The immediate cause of the retirement of the late ministry from office was a vote of the Assembly rejecting Mr. Haines' scheme for apportioning the electoral districts under his new reform bill. There was no possible ministry at the moment except one formed by a junction of Mr. O'Shanassy with Mr. Chapman. These considerations led the former gentleman to accede to the proposed terms, and the new cabinet was framed as follows: Chief Secretary, Mr. O'Shanassy; Attorney-General, Mr. Chapman; Solicitor-General, Mr. Ireland; Trade and Customs, Mr. Henry Miller; Land and Works, Mr. Gavan Duffy; Postmaster-General, Dr. Evans; Treasurer, Mr. Barker."

The Sydney Morning Herald says:

"Since our last summary the present state of our commercial affairs has assumed a somewhat troubled aspect. The monetary crisis which has taken place in England, New York, and on the Continent, has temporarily affected us. Our large mercantile houses are sound and unaffected, although rumors, without any foundation, have for the last month been industriously spread as to their stability."

FALKLAND ISLANDS.

The arrival of Capt. John Wood, in the Great Republic, gives us some interesting intelligence from these remote islands. Capt. Wood has spent eight years in and about Falkland Islands, and came home as mate of the Great Republic, in consequence of a vacancy. His account is very cheering. The chief town is Stanley, which has a harbor equal to New York; it is garrisoned by England. There are plenty of cattle, fowls and fish. There is no doubt but these islands are destined to be great commercial marts.

RUSSIA.

The Emperor Alexander seems to be full of great projects. He has formed a new commercial association called the Trans-Caspian, which will extend its operations to Persia and Central Asia. The capital is 2,000,000 roubles, and the object is the transportation of Russian fabrics to Central Asia and the importation of different articles from there. They propose working also in China and Bokhara. The serf emancipation has many opponents, more especially among the largest proprietors. It is, however, being slowly carried out. The Emperor is making continually new concessions to the Poles.

HAVANA.

There has been no searching of vessels lately, and the general impression is that they have entirely ceased.

The United States frigate Wabash, Capt. Barrow, bringing the flag of Flag-Officer Savalette, and the United States steamer Arctic, Com. Haristens, were at Key West.

The United States steamer Colorado, Capt. Gordon, bearing the flag of Flag-Officer McIntosh; the United States steamer Fulton, Com. Almy; the United States steamer Jamestown, were cruising off the coast of Cuba on the 30th ult. The Cahawba communicated with them, and found that officers and crew were well all.

The English steamer Styx, Com. Geary, left Havana on the evening of the 29th, bound for Halifax.

The English steamer Devastation, Com. Walker, bearing the broad pennant of Commodore W. Kellett, was in Havana, destination unknown.

PALESTINE.

The tenderness which the American Government displays towards such wretched and depraved nations as Spain, Turkey and the Central American States is a disgusting feature in our national character. If France or England makes a grimace at an American monkey we are ready to fight, and Senator Toombs brandishes his bowie-knife, and Senator Seward cocks his ten-shooter and wags his tongue like a short boy. We wish they would see to some of the real wrongs inflicted upon us. Mr. Williams, the associate editor of the *Utica Herald*, is now on a visit to Jerusalem. In a letter he says:

"Numerous outrages have thoroughly alarmed the American residents throughout Palestine and Syria. Robberies are of almost daily occurrence. Two American missionaries were assailed between Beyrout and Jerusalem on Monday last by a band of armed Bedouins, who pointed their guns at their breasts and commanded them to surrender. A similar outrage was committed upon an American party coming from Damascus a few days previous. There is no government in Palestine just now. The Bedouin robbers are the virtual rulers of the land. Robberies occur almost every day under the very walls of Jerusalem. You are of course familiar with the circumstances of the horrible outrages recently committed upon an American family near Jaffa, in which one man was murdered and two women brutally violated. I have since seen two of the outraged parties, Mr. Dickson, at whose house the outrage was committed, and his daughter, an exceedingly interesting young woman. They gave me a detailed narration of the sad tragedy, and I assure you it is one calculated to excite horror and indignation. The young lady was dragged over the dead body of her husband, a pistol was presented at her bosom, her resistance overcome by brute force, and then her person violated by four ruffians in succession! And yet the Turkish authorities allowed several days to elapse before taking any means to ferret out the offenders, and it was only after a threat to order men-of-war before the town that they took any action. Finally, four men were arrested, but there is no certain proof that they are the guilty persons. Mr. D. is firm in the belief that the authorities winked, if they did not connive, at the outrage."

GOSSIP OF THE WORLD.

ENGLAND.

A Monster Musical Festival.—A musical entertainment was given in the Crystal Palace, Sydenham, on June 9th, which was attended by twenty-five thousand persons; \$7,500 were received at the doors. The chorus alone numbered five thousand singers, selected from the children and teachers of the National Schools. The effect of God save the Queen, the Hundredth Psalm and the Hallelujah Chorus was something wonderful. It closed with Rule Britannia, the chorus of which, an Irishman says, "shook the heavens, from Sydenham to Tipperary."

England and her Customers.—England's best customers in 1858 are: Russia, for woolen and worsted yarn; France, for wool, thrown silk and silk yarn, coals, unwrought copper, and pig, bar, b. i. rod and cast iron; Australia, for wool, for British spirits, stationery, hardware, and cutlery, saddlery, wrought leather, and apparel and shoes; United States, for salt, tin plates, unwrought steel, linens, woollens, haberdashery, millinery and silk manufactures; British West India for soap; East Indies for cottons, ale and beer, copper and yellow metal in sheets and nails, and other machinery than steam engines; Spain for steam engines; Hanse Towns for worsted stuffs; Spain and the Hanse Towns for linen yarn; Holland and the Hanse Towns for seed oils.

Black and White.—That most powerful of all human voices, the London Times, seems sick of the Duchess of Sutherland's petting niggers. Its eye-sight is so much improved that it can actually see a white object, for in a recent article on the palpable absurdity of going to war on account of the niggers, it says that—

"Young milliners and dressmakers of London are condemned to sixteen, seventeen or eighteen hours of toil out of the twenty-four in each day and night. Their work is carried on in crowded, unventilated rooms, where their frames are kept bent at their labor until their eyes ache and their limbs refuse to perform their duty. They have a short, painful life and an early grave. In a recent speech, Lord Shaftesbury said that many of these young women had been trained gently and tenderly, in delicate and happy homes, possessing all the virtues and tenderness that belong to the female sex, and rendered by those characteristics more obedient, more murmuring, more slavishly subject to the authority and tyranny of those who are put over them. His lordship adds that they have no alternative between submission and the street door, and then asks, 'Is the condition of such a young woman one whit better than the most wretched slave in the Southern States of America?'"

Telegraph.—The prospectus has been issued of the Channel Islands Telegraph Company, formed for the purpose of laying a submarine cable from Weymouth to Alderney, Jersey and Guernsey. The capital is £30,000, in £40 shares, and the Government have consented to give a guarantee of £1,800 per annum, or six per cent., for twenty-five years.

French Jealousy.—The Paris *Press* says: During more than two centuries Austria was distinguished by her regard for France. Our language, our customs, our literature ruled unquestioned. This tended to soften the harshness and the excesses of the governmental system. In 1830 this influence commenced to wane; but, nevertheless, the Frenchman could still hold up his head in the streets of Vienna. To-day it is sought to extinguish it entirely, and English influence is visibly detroning that of France. Our wars, our books, our customs have ceased to obtain preference in Vienna. The English have replaced in great families the French tutor; English literature has supplanted that of France. The Austrian capital is now utterly given up to everything English. Doubtless this brutal Anglomaniacism does not please all, even in Vienna. Sincere Catholics deplore it in particular. But their complaints are lost in the mania which has seized upon the Government to which they appeal, for the English alliance cannot be purchased too dearly.

Running Away from his Wife.—Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton has been dreadfully frightened. His indomitable lady, from whom he has been separated for many years, recently appeared at the hustings in Herefordshire, just as the distinguished novelist and politician was delivering a glowing tribute to the fair sex, and gave him such a tongue-lashing that a London paper says he turned pale, trembled and sought safety in a neighboring house. The lady then mounted the platform, and spoke for a quarter of an hour in exposition of her "wrongs." The fine-spiced lady has lately been pitching into her husband, who is, it must be confessed, a dreadful scamp, in a novel called "The World and his Wife; or, A Person of Consequence." The story is of "the vices of the aristocracy." The lady's pet lay figure—the bad husband—uses his wife, breaks every one of the commandments, and yet attains to the

highest state of dignity and honor through the complicity of his fellow tyrants. The novel is a perfect chronicle of the life of the eminent political personages. Lady Bulwer holds all literary men in detestation, who are now (so Disraeli says) mere hangers-on and spongers upon the aristocracy.

Characteristic of Sheridan Knowles.—The great dramatist met an entire stranger, whom he mistook for an old acquaintance, in the street one day. After accosting him in the most familiar terms, and shaking hands with him in the usual cordial manner, he said: "I am going down into the country this evening. Can I take a parcel, or letter, or anything else for you?" "I don't know," replied his astonished listener, "which way are you going?" "I haven't made up my mind, my boy," answered Knowles, as he separated from his imaginary friend, under the impression that he had done the handsomest thing, and never supposing for a moment that he had committed the least particle of a blunder.

Noble Manners.—All the moral people of London, of which almost distinct class some half dozen drag out a lingering existence in this world of general depravity, are turning up the whites of their eyes at the revelations made in the Meux case. Sir Henry Meux, Bart, the wealthy brewer, married the daughter of Lord Ernest Bruce, in consideration settling upon her a jointure of \$75,000 per annum. He, however, seems to have married the family, for a hungry set of leeches never tried to bleed a poor fellow's purse. He built a house for his son-in-law; Sir Henry's sister carried off from one of his estates two canons of plaid, furniture, and two thousand sovereigns in gold. Lord Bruce accepted a sort of honorary clerkship in his brewery, with a salary of \$2,000 sterling per annum. What would Robert Bruce say if he could view the degeneracy of his descendant. He would think the Saxons were serving him out for Bannockburn.

SCOTLAND.

Desecration of the House where Burns was Born.—The dust of Alexander might perhaps be found stopping a beer barrel, but the event is not likely if the dust were known to be Alexander's. He might come there by accident, but scarcely by intention. The worst of us have still some reverence for departed greatness. We do not put heroes into bunnies, knowing them to be heroes, and bunnies to be holes for bunnies. Other bunnies do as well, or in fact better, and heroes may have other and better uses. Scotland, however, is a convicted criminal in this respect. "In this house," says an inscription on a little cottage not far from Ayr, "Robert Burns, the Ayrshire poet, was born;" and on the same cottage, at the other side of the open door, is inscribed the announcement in similar though larger letters, that the said cottage is "licensed to sell spirits, porter and ale." What Goths or Vandals, we should like to know, licensed the birthplace of the poet for such a purpose?

FRANCE.

A Marriage, solemnized with royal magnificence, has been celebrated in the neighborhood of Paris, between the son of the Comte de Y— and a young and beautiful creole. Both bride and bridegroom possess splendid fortunes, and the trousseau, the jewels and the splendor of the wedding fête have been the theme of all Paris. All the guests were conveyed to the entertainment by the givers thereof—two hundred horses, with the requisite number of carriages, being placed at their disposal.

Little Napoleon.—An official, probably, of the French court, gives in a Sunday paper some interesting particulars of the Imperial family. We select those of the young Napoleon. It appears he is a very fine child, and remarkably fond of candy. We'd advise our friend Will to send him some. He is sure to get a diamond ring from Eugenie, and as Horatio Nelson is a handsome specimen of an American, if anything happens to Louis Napoleon who knows but H. N. W. might share the Tuileries with the restorer of hope? The correspondent says he does not seem even so much as to understand French, and the few words he utters are all English. The emperor and empress always talk to him themselves in English, and Miss Shaw, his nursery governess, does not speak a word of French. He is very fond of bon-bons, and on recognizing the lady by whose side I was standing, and whose husband was an old friend of the emperor, he immediately began riding that part of her dress where pockets are supposed to be. This is truly imperial—feeling in other people's pockets. The teaching him English is to read the London Times and Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper. One day, on Miss Shaw bringing in the child to the emperor, his majesty said, "Well, nurse, I hope he has been good to-day?" "Oh, yes, sire," was her reply; "during the ride he has said his prayers no less than four times." The nurse is a Protestant, and he is particularly anxious to know why she don't go to papa's church. A prince who prays four times a day is decidedly a suspicious character. He is worse than our friend Parson Corey. We should like to know how the Sunday correspondent happens to be present at Eugenie's toilette. Is he the cooper who fixes her hoops? or the dunkey who laces her stays? When the empress retires for her evening toilette, the little prince is always introduced to see his plaything, which consist of the empress's magnificent case of jewellery, opened for her evening toilette. While the thousand and one secret arrangements of that mysterious process are being enacted the young gentleman has it all his own way—a very bull in a china shop—and tosses about baubles, any one of which would be riches enough for a millionaire of the first water. Sometimes it happens that the one which gives him the most pleasure is immediately wanted, and then the "original sin" of the future emperor manifests itself. He won't give it up. In vain his little hand is seized—in vain he is coaxed and wheedled—the pride of possession is strong in him—and not till the empress has interposed and a regular explosion has occurred, is the "pearl of great price" restored to its owner. There is a candor about Louis Napoleon perfectly charming. He confides to the editors of the New York Times and Herald his secret political plans, and he lets the correspondent of a New York Sunday paper tighten his wife's corsets.

ITALY.

American Familiarity.—A letter from Italy says: "At sunset we reached Gaeta. This place abounds in historical interest, and it was here that the Pope found refuge when he fled from the republic in 1849. Among the legends of the place is one to the effect that he and the King of Naples, who had come to visit him in his exile, went on board of an American frigate. The commander welcomed them in these terms: 'Pope, how are you? King, how d'ye do?' 'Here, Lieutenant Jones, you speak French; parley vous with the Pope, while the King and I go down and have a drink. King, come on.'"

INDIA.

The spoils of Lucknow are beginning to find their way to England. An officer's wife, resident at Clifton, has received from her husband, as an earnest of his own fortune, a splendid necklace of pearls and emeralds, one of which is of great value. The gems are in a comparatively rough state, the emeralds having been ignorantly and mercilessly drilled. A corporal in this officer's regiment is said to be possessed of a bracelet worth £100,000. Mrs. Fagan, wife of Capt. Fagan, of the Engineers, Jullundur, had not passed a single night out of her own house; nor on the eventful night of the outbreak would she leave it. In the compound was the treasure chest of the Engineers' department, under a spy guard. On the first sounds of firing, Mrs. Fagan went out to the havalidar of the guard, and told him there were only women and children in the house, and whatever might happen, she placed their lives in his hands. He said to her, "Go in and shut all the doors and windows, and put out all the lights, and do not suffer a single person to enter the house, and I will answer your safety with my own life." He could not save the government treasure, which the guard under him plundered, but he fulfilled his pledge to her; and on the following morning Mrs. Fagan and her family were given up uninjured to the European patrolling party who had come in search of them. For this act the havalidar received his well-merited promotion.

ATHENS.

In the days of King Philip, the Macedonian, whenever a man told an extremely witty story, he was pretty sure to be met with the remark, "Ah, that comes from the Sixty." It was as much as doubting the originality of the wit. "The Sixty" was, in fact, a club of wits. They met in Athens, not at a tavern, but in the Temple of Hercules. We should as soon expect to hear of a convivial body of wits assembling every Saturday night in Parson Corey's Chapel. They were fellows who had the very highest opinion of their own abilities, for they regularly entered in a book all the witticisms of the evening. This was, probably, the very first jest-book ever put together. To listen to it, when the secretary took it with him to private parties, must have been an antepast of Punch. The precious book has perished, but Athenians have preserved the names of a few of the members, which, however, are not worth repeating, though it may be stated that the owners had also nicknames; and one tall, clever, nimble fellow, Callimedes, was familiarly hailed by his fellow clubbists as "the Grasshopper." Philip heard of this merry, social, witty company, and longing to know more of them, their sayings and doings, he did not indeed invite them to his distant court, but he sent them a talent (nearly £200 sterling), and requested the loan of the last volume of the transactions of the "Sixty Club." The book was duly despatched; and perhaps the loan of a volume was never paid for at so high a rate; the authors thus played the part of court fools by deputy. Their jokes were stereotyped, and had a long and merry life of it. It was useless for any man to fire one off as his own, for the source was instantly discovered, and the company would derisively call out, "An old Sixty!" just as dull retailers of faded jests are suppressed in our own day by the cry of "An old Joke!"

PRUSSIA.

At the end of June there was to be a grand festival in honor of Prince and Princess Frederick William. Eight hundred Prussian shooting clubs are to send delegates to Berlin, where prize-shooting on the most splendid scale, together with horse-racing and popular rejoicings in general, are to take place. Preparations have been commenced in such a style as will make this festival what it is meant to be, a proper presentation of the future king to the Prussian people.

SWEDEN.

Editor's Paradise.—Mr. Lindthal, the editor of the Swedish *Tidnätter*, lately accused a young lady in his journal of the horrible crime of incest. He was tried, and it being found that the charge was false and malicious, he has been condemned to death. The most impressive part of the sentence is that passed on the libeller's counsel, which ran thus: "Convicted of having accepted knowingly an unjust cause, the defender of Mr. Lindthal is condemned to one month's imprisonment and perpetual interdiction from the practice of his profession." Sweden is just the place for Bennett, Raymond and Greeley, with their eminent counsel. Clinton can try if Sweden agrees with him.

SPAIN.

Civilization.—A letter from Bayonne of the 5th ult. says: "The Spanish diligence, which arrived here this morning, was stopped the evening before last at about six miles from Burgos. Seven armed men suddenly pre-empted

themselves at the horses' heads, and ordered the postillions to stop. The guard attempted resistance, but he was beaten, and compelled to deliver up a sum of 15,000f, which he had in the vehicle. No violence was exercised towards the passengers. The robbers were all dressed like peasants."

Royal Party.—A nearly murderous scene was acted almost in the royal chamber not long ago at Aranjuez, where the Queen of Spain has a palace. Our readers need not be told that Queen Isabella is a decided Free Lover, and occasionally changes her love. Col. Gon-alvo, one of her cast-offs, suspecting that the Master of the Regimental Band was his successor, suddenly entered the royal apartment, and found the Drum Major in a tender attitude with his sovereign lady, her most Catholic Majesty. He was about drawing his sword, when the valiant musician bolted through the window. Rumor says the Queen has retitled the difficulty by splitting the difference and smiling on both—like Buchanan, between hard and soft Schell!

PARLOR GOSSIP FOR THE LADIES.

Fashions.—At a fashionable ball, which took place a few evenings since, several dresses, composed chiefly of tulle, gauze and tulle, were conspicuous for elegance. A dress of white tulle over mallow-colored silk was greatly admired. It was made with two skirts, each edged with a ruche of mallow-colored tulle. The upper skirt was trimmed on each side with bouquets of lilac, and a bouquet of the same flowers ornamented the front of the corsage. Another of white tulle over a slip of bon ton d'or silk. The dress had a double skirt, the upper one edged with a wreath of the bon ton d'or flowers. The corsage was plain, and over it was a plaited fichu edged round the neck with a wreath of the same flowers as those on the skirt. A robe of pink tulle, with three skirts, was very prettily trimmed with bouquets of white daisies. Many dresses, suitable for demi-toilette, especially those intended for the country, are made of white worked muslin and of printed organdi. The dresses of organdi are made with double skirts or with flounces. The latter are edged with bias slips of colored silk, or a hue harmonizing with the prevailing color in the pattern of the organdi. Dresses of white muslin are made with double skirts, edged with bouilloné, within which is inserted a running of colored ribbon. Sometimes the upper skirt is made in the tulle form, that is to say, open at the sides, and edged with quilling of muslin or ribbon, or both combined. The low corsage of muslin dresses are usually cut square, or they have bertha terminating at each side of the corsage in long rounded ends. A very pretty detachable for the country or seaside is a double skirt of printed jaconet of a small flowered pattern, each skirt being edged with a quilling of muslin bunched at each side. A basquine of the same and trimmed in the same manner. Amongst the newest carriage or promenade dresses may be mentioned one composed of white spotted muslin. It has two skirts, the upper one being in the form of a tunic with the corners rounded. It is trimmed at the edge with a bouilloné and a running of blue ribbon. The corsage is finished at the waist by a fluted bouilloné, with blue ribbon within it, and is ornamented with a round bertha, edged with two bouillons. The sleeves are wide, square at the ends, and slit open in the inner part, the sides of the slit being united by a bow of blue ribbon.

Very Dear Kisses.—Miss Collins, daughter of the Rev. C. H. Collins, of Farringdon Rectory, Devon, went, a few days since, with some relations on board the steamer *Ursa Major* from Poole to Swansea. William Craft, a carpenter, was also on board. He was observed to stare at her very much, and when they landed on the quay at Swansea he pulled her down and kissed her. It does not appear she was hurt. Craft said he had done no harm, and he would do it again. The Wareham magistrate sentenced him to six months imprisonment with hard labor. Stolen kisses have ever been said to be the sweetest; but, we think, after the above sentence they will be somewhat at a discount.

English and American Girls.—Mrs. Ellis thus hints at the deficiencies of English girls in household knowledge. The cap will fit our American young ladies, except that some of the latter have plenty of "frankness" and do not think it worth while even to show "modesty." "The truth is, my dear girls, you want, generally speaking, more liberty and less fashionable restraint, more kitchen and less parlor, more leg exercise and less sofa, more making puddings and less piano, more frankness and less mock modesty, more breakfast and less bustle."

The Advantages of Hoops.—That the ladies' hoops have been of incalculable service, we have many instances to prove—such as screening little boys beneath them when alarmed at reviews, screening gentlemen in railway cars, protecting ladies from the attacks of savage bulldogs as well as from the equally pernicious and more intrusive puppy; but the following adaptation of them is ludicrous, and has been suggested, we suspect, by some wag who has been scolded from his intention of matrimony by the dimensions of his fair enslaver. An exchange says:

"The farmers are indebted to the ladies for the fashion of hoops. It has been found on several farms in the adjacent country that to rig up a scarecrow in the shape of a modern fashionable female dress answers most admirably. The petticoat on a pole, hooped and inflated by the wind, turns round and round and presents such a figure that no crow will come within seeing distance. One hooped scarecrow is worth a dozen of the old breeches. Many barrels of corn will be saved this year by the hoops."

We understand an old Dutchman of Hoboken not being able to prevail on his wife to lend him her hoops, hung out an old lager beer barrel, which, however, attracted all the old toppers if it scared the crows.

A Noble Phalot.—In a respectable street in Paris, Monsieur X., a bronze manufacturer, resides; his daughter possesses the finest treasures of silk, flowing and abundant. A certain Lord S. was so captivated by her beauty that he rented apartments immediately opposite her father's house, simply to admire the head of hair of the young lady. Soon, however, this failed to satisfy him, and he called on the father.

"Sir," said he, "I come to make a proposition which concerns your daughter; I hope you will accept it, as it is perfectly honorable."

"Speak, sir," said Monsieur X.

"My name, sir, is Lord S. I come to beg you to accept me as the hair-dresser of your daughter."

At this the father showed signs of anger; but Lord S. repeated that his intentions were pure and honorable, and that if he would only allow him to dress her hair every day he would give her a guinea, and promise not to address one word to her; he also proposed that her father should be present or any one else he might prefer.

"But, my lord—," said the father.

"Do not answer me, only consult your daughter—I give you two days to decide; if at the end of that time I do not hear from you I will blow out my brains."

Lord S. then departed. Impressed by the very decided tone of his visitor, he mentioned the singular proposition to his daughter, who readily acquiesced, which being duly intimated to the nobleman, he was introduced to her, and has since each day dressed her magnificent hair. Mademoiselle appears fascinated with her lovely hairdresser, who performs his self-imposed task with taste and dexterity. He has strictly adhered to his agreement, and the guinea, which he leaves on a table, is every day given to a poor family; thus his eccentricity is made the cause of doing good. It is expected this vaudeville of real life will finish with a marriage. What a pity our friend Phalot does not send over and engage him to comb the heads of upper-tendons!

Love and Lotteries.—As we dare say Sergt. Berney will have no objection to a trip to Paris, we copy for his information a little incident to show that he is wanted there to put down the Lotteries. To be sure, we are afraid that France is somewhat out of Mayor Niemann's district; but what of that! We'll annex it for the mere purpose of making it virtuous. Besides, Mayor Niemann does not mind stretching a point, since he annexed Maryland to New York, and appointed three notorious rogues to whitewash the swill milk stables. We have heard that it is not whitewash but paint, and as the mayor deals in that article it may be so.

A young man of fine family requiring two hundred and fifty francs, determined to advertise as follows:

"A young man, occupying an honorable position, wishes to marry a lady well brought up, and possessed of two hundred and fifty francs." The answers were numerous. He, therefore, addressed a note to each, appointing a place and hour where he would meet them all together, also politely inviting them to look at him. Full two hundred ladies assembled, when he addressed them, thanking them for the honor they had conferred upon him, and expressing his regret that he could not marry them all. And as the charms of all—many of them horrible old witches, eyeless, toothless, snuffy and all that—rendered it utterly impossible for him to select one, he proposed they should consider him as an object put up at a lottery. "Make two hundred tickets at two hundred and fifty francs each, and the gross sum shall be the portion of the lady who draws the lucky number, and whom I pledge myself to marry immediately."

After some hesitation they accepted the proposition; and to reward our venturesome young friend, his fortunate stars directed that he should fall to the lot of a young and pretty girl, whom he shortly married, and at last accounts they were passing a pleasant honeymoon.

Please, Sir, may I make your Coffin!—It is not often we have the pleasure of recording such acts of gallantry as the following, most brothers being too indifferent to their sisters to espouse their cause so warmly, either by claiming for her what his companions denied to the sex generally, or by resenting any attacks on her looks, though aspersions on her character would incense not a few; but, query, does not this indignation spring more from feeling his own honor injured than true affection for his sister?

One afternoon several officers, while waiting for the hour of parade, were talking together, when the conversation turned upon the fidelity of women, naturally giving rise to a great deal of joking and sentimentality.

"Do not deceive yourselves," said a veteran captain; "in love, as well as in war, do not confide in woman. For my part, I would not answer for the greatest saint that ever fasted."

"Well, I would," answered a young ensign, with some warmth. There is one for whom I could answer!"

"Your lady-love, of course?" cried his companions.

"No—my sister."

"That we can perfectly understand," replied one "for she is so confounded ugly."

This railing provoked a challenge from the ensign to the lieutenant, and, despite the efforts of their mutual friends to effect a reconciliation, a meeting for the next morning was arranged.

A few moments after they had arrived on the ground, a poor fellow, looking

like the ghost of Shakespeare's apothecary, approached the seconds, and in a

lamentable voice said,

"Gentlemen, I am a poor artisan, with a large family, and if you would—"

"My good man, we have no time now," cried one of the officers. "Don't

you see they are going to fight? We are not in a charitable humor."

"It's not mine I ask," said the man. "I am a poor carpenter, with eight

children, and my wife is sick. Having heard those gentlemen were about to

kill each other, I thought of asking you to let me make the coffin."

These words threw them into a loud fit of laughter, and the combatants simultaneously threw down their arms and shook hands with each other. After making a collection for the poor coffin-maker they left the ground.

An hour afterwards they and their brother officers gave the most unequivocal

proof of wishing to live, by partaking of a sumptuous breakfast at the Fonda

de Perona, and the sequel of the affair was, that the young lieutenant fell in

love with and married the young lady whose beauty he had disparaged; for on

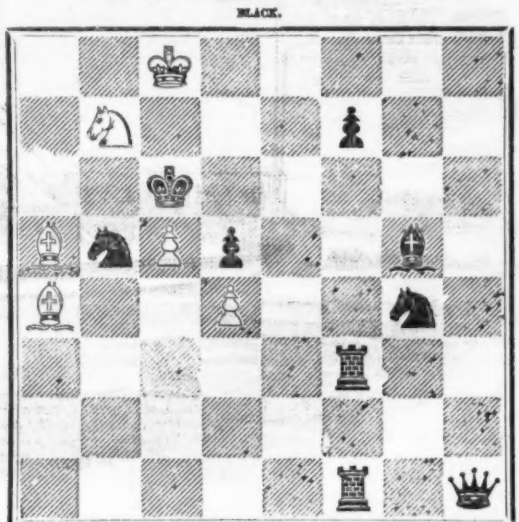
more attentive contemplation he saw in her more beauty, both of mind and

person, than he had previously been aware of.

CHESS.

All communications intended for the Chess Department should be addressed to T. Frère, the Chess Editor, Box 2495, N. Y. P. O.

PROBLEM CXLIV.—By JACOB ELSON, Philadelphia. White to play and checkmate in four moves.



PROBLEM CXLV.—By JACOB ELSON, Philadelphia.—Position of the Pieces: White—Pawns at K Kt 2 and K R 2; Rooks at Q R 4 and Q B 6; Q at Q Kt 5; K at K Kt 3. Black—Pawns at Q 7 and Q B 5; Rooks at K Kt sq and Q B sq; B at K Kt 4; K at Q B 6. White to play and compel Black to checkmate in four moves.

MORPHY IN ENGLAND.—The following is from the *Illustrated London News* of June 26th:

"ARRIVAL OF MR. MORPHY.—The communication addressed to this gentleman, announcing the postponement of the Chess Association Meeting from June 21st to August 24th, having miscarried, he unexpectedly made his appearance in Birmingham on Monday, prepared to do battle at the *Pontreux* for the honor of the Stars and Stripes. Fortunately, his intention was to make some considerable stay in Europe; he has therefore consented to take part in the gathering of August, which will probably be one of the most brilliant assemblages known."

"THE CONSIDERATION TEST."—A paragraph in the *Lynn News*, in relation to Shaw's challenge to Franklin, is a very proper one in that paper, because it is suited to the meridian wherein that paper circulates. The peculiar state of New England society requires a total subjugation of expressed sentiment to the level of the grocery store and the church standard. In more cosmopolitan communities, people not only do pretty much as they choose themselves, but give their neighbors the same privilege. We fear our friend (and we hope that nothing herein may make us otherwise than friends) gives Mr. Franklin too high a position (in a New England sense), in placing him above the "champion standard" on the ground named, because we believe it was Mr. Franklin's custom, when a player at the Carlton House, in this city, many years ago, to play for the usual "quarter," a practice now common among the finest players of this city. Does not this sound queerly to the ears of our Eastern friends? But so it is. The truth should be spoken at all times. However, that society, wherein is soberly discussed the question, "Ought a Christian ever to play Chess?" should be charitably judged for their opinions on minor matters."

FRERE'S CHESS HAND-BOOK.—This book is now published, and will be forwarded, free of postage, on receipt of fifty cents, in stamps or otherwise. Address, T. Frère, box 2495 N. Y. P. O.

COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED.—A. J. H., Kewanee, Ill. (Have sent blank diagrams by mail); N. MARACHE, N. Y.; INCOGNITO, Boston (Game blanks are forwarded); P. C. HALL, Brooklyn; J. H. M., Avon Springs, N. Y. (The last problem is not precisely the same as the one spoken of; it will be further explained); MADISON, Iowa (Problem July entered for the appropriate prize. We hope the composer will send a three-move problem and his portrait; the fourth prize is the great object of attraction in the Tournament).

SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS RECEIVED.—LESLIE READER, Tolono, Ill. (Diagram 138 is correct. Send us some of your problems—one in three moves, with your portrait, in competition for the fourth prize); A. J. H., Kewanee, Ill.; E. A. B., Charleston, S. C.; P. J. D., Hoboken, N. J. (Corrections under examination. Send us for some diagrams).

GAME between Mr. KNOTT, of the Brooklyn Chess Club, and Col. MEAD, of New York. Played at Hoffman's Chess rooms, corner Fulton and Nassau streets. (Bishop's Gambit.)

WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
Mr. K.	Col. M.	Mr. K.	Col. M.
1 P to K 4	P to K 4	11 Kt to B 4	Q to Q R 4
2 P to K B 4	P to P	12 B to K 3	K to B 3
3 B to Q B 4	Q checks	13 P to K 5	Kt to K 5
4 K to B	P to K Kt 4	14 Q to Q 3	Kt to K 5
5 Q Kt to B 3	B to Kt 2	15 B to Q 2	Q to R 5
6 Kt to K B 3	Q to K 4	16 B to Kt 3	Q to Q 2
7 P to K Kt 3	P to Kt 5	17 P to K 6	Q to K 2
8 Kt to K 4	P to B 6	18 Kt to Q 5	Q to B 2
9 P to Q 4	P to Q 3	19 B to Kt (ch)	K to Q
10 Kt to Q 5	K to Q	20 Kt to P, mate.	

GAME between Mr. LICHTENHUIS, President of the New York Chess Club, and Mr. JAMES THOMPSON. Played at the "down town" Chess rooms.

WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
Mr. L.	Mr. T.	Mr. L.	Mr. T.
1 P to K 4	P to K 4	19 P to Q Kt 3	P to K R 4
2 Q Kt to B 3	K Kt to B 3	20 Kt to P	P to P
3 P to K B 4	P to Q 3	21 P to P	P to K R 5
4 K Kt to B 3	P to P	22 R to K B 4	B to Kt 4
5 P to Q 4	B to K Kt 5	23 R to K 5	Kt to K 3
6 B to P	Kt to Q B 3	24 R to K B sq	Kt to K 3
7 B to P Kt 5	P to Q R 3	25 Q to R 7	Q to B sq
8 B to Kt (ch)	P to B	26 Kt to P	B to K R 4
9 Castles	Kt to K R 4	27 Kt to Q 6 (ch)	P to Kt 4
10 Q to Q 2	P to K R 4	28 Q to K R 2	Q to Q sq
11 P to K 6	P to Q 4	29 Q Kt to B (ch)	K to Q 2
12 P to K R 3	B to K 3	30 Q to B 7 (ch)	Q to K 2
13 B to K R 2	P to K Kt 4	31 P to P	Q to K 2
14 P to K Kt 4	Kt to K Kt 2	32 R to K (ch)	K to Q sq
15 Kt to Q R 4	B to K 2	33 B to K 5	K to Kt 3
16 Q to Q 4 3	Q to Q 2	34 B to B 6 (ch)	K to B sq
17 Kt to Q B 6	B to Kt 4	35 P to Q 7 (ch)	Black resigns.
18 Q to B	Q R to Kt sq		

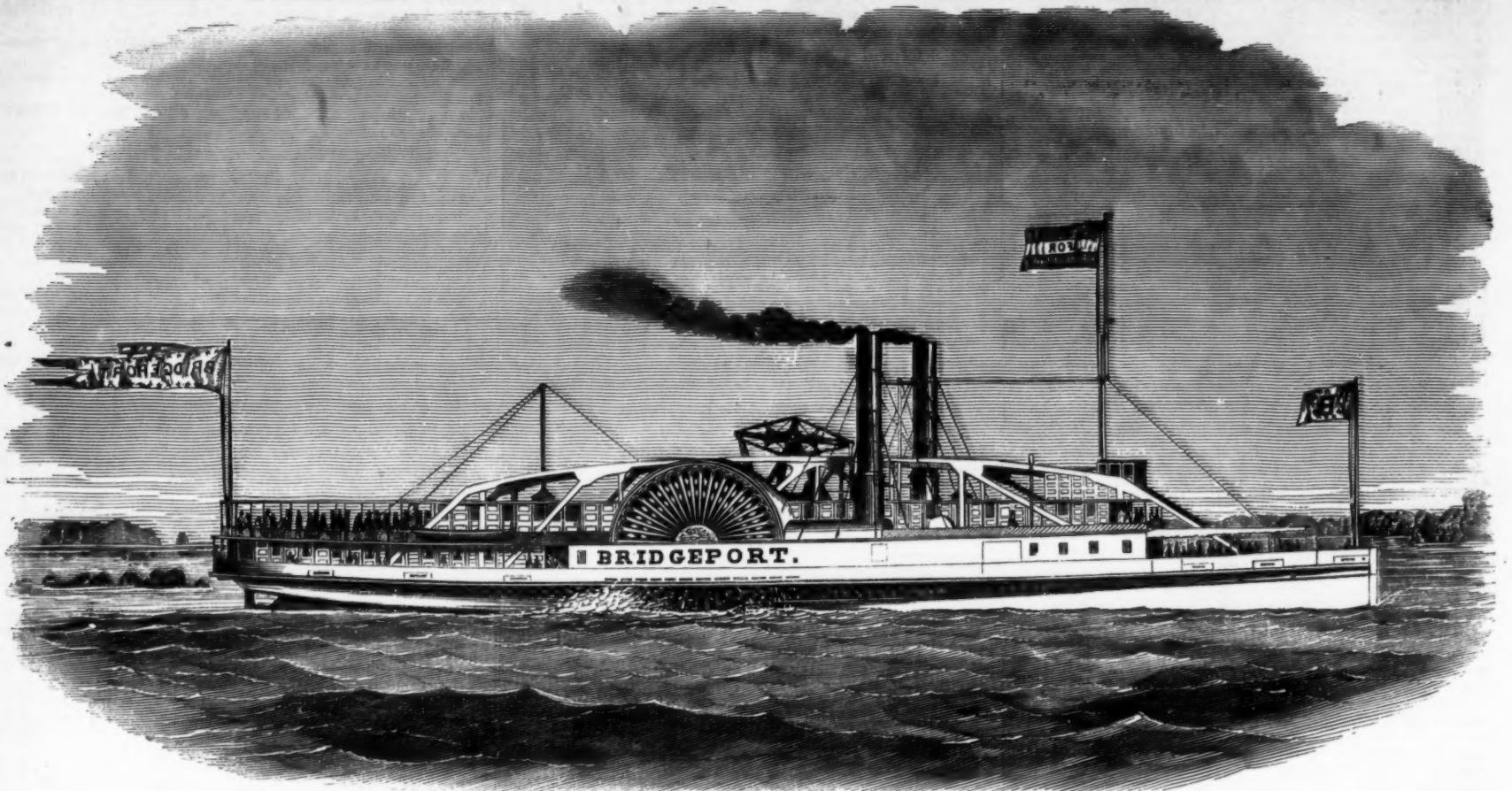
SOLUTION TO PROBLEM CXXXIX. by C. J. J., College of St. James, Md.—P to K B 6 (dis ch); K moves; P to K B 7 (dis ch); Q to Kt 3; P to K B claims Kt and mate.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM CXL. by C. J. J., College of St. James, Md.—Kt to Kt 3 (ch); K to Kt 3; Q to K R 6 (ch); K to B 3; Q to K Kt 7 (ch); K to K 3; Q to K 7 (ch); K to Q 4; Q to Q 6 (ch); K to Q B 3; Q to Q B 6 (ch); K to Q 6; B to Q Kt (ch); R to B checkmate.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM CXLV. by C. F. JOHNSON, Jr., Owego, N. Y.—Kt to K 7; P moves; Q to Q Kt 8 (ch); B to K 7; Kt to K 6 mate. There are two variations after the first move.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM CXLVI. by WILLIAM W. JOHNSON, Owego, N. Y.—P to K 7; Kt to P; R to Q 6 (ch); K to R 2; R to B mate. One variation after the first move.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM CXLVII. by WILLIAM W. JOHNSON, Owego, N. Y.—R to Q Kt 5 (ch); P to B 3; Q to K Kt 4 (ch); K to K 3; Kt to K B 6 (ch); K moves; K to Q Kt 4; R interposes dis mate.



THE STEAMER BRIDGEPORT, CAPTAIN CHARLES WEEKS, PLYING BETWEEN NEW YORK AND BRIDGEPORT.

STEAMER BRIDGEPORT.

THE accompanying illustration represents the new and superior steamboat Bridgeport, Capt. Chas. Weeks. She is two hundred and forty-five feet long, thirty-four feet beam, fifty-six inches cylinder, twelve feet stroke, water-wheel thirty-four feet diameter, with ten and a half feet depth of hold. She is commodious, sumptuously furnished, and swift. She represents the line between this city and Bridgeport, and those who desire a pleasant sail will have the benefit of fresh air and delightful scenery from the time of their departure till their arrival at their destination. We have rarely seen a boat better provided against all accident than this, and we have no doubt that the extra expense of the owners will meet with a prompt return.

OLD HOUSE AT GUILFORD, CONNECTICUT.

IN the town of Guilford, Ct., there is an ancient stone house, which is the oldest in the United States, having been built in 1636. It was erected in the old Indian Wars, before the Revolution, for the purposes of a fort. It was afterwards used by the British as a protection from their foes, and subsequently as a store-house for ammunition. For many years past it has been occupied as a dwelling-house, and at the present time is in the possession of a farmer's family.

During the Indian wars, there lived, about twenty miles east of the stone house, upon the Hommonasuch river, a man whose name was Stannard. By some means he had made himself obnoxious to the Indians, and they thereupon seized him and held a council at which it was determined to burn him. A fire was accordingly made around a stake, and Stannard, with his arms bound with thongs behind him, waited to be cooked; while the Indians proceeded with their pow-wow.

In the meantime, Stannard worked his hands clear of the thongs, and then the long-legged Yankee ran for the stone house. Whether he made his mile in 2.40 more or less, history and tradition are silent. The doors of the stone house closed in upon Stannard, just as the whole tribe came howling and yelling to the wall. Stannard was saved.

The building stands a few rods north of the main road, and by its enormous chimney, which projects from the western wall, and the old-fashioned appearance of the exterior, attracts the attention of the traveller. The walls are two feet thick and composed of hard stone firmly cemented, and no doubt will contend with the battling elements for several years to come. The chimney alluded to above is of very large dimensions, and first attracts the attention of the observer; it is about eight feet square, and built outside of the wall. The sketch was taken in September, 1854.

CHRIST CHURCH, STRATFORD, CONNECTICUT.

THIS ancient sanctuary was the first Episcopal Church organized in Connecticut, and it occupied for a length of time a prominent

position among the parishes of the State. The town of Stratford was settled in 1639, and its population was for a length of time strongly prepossessed in favor of the Congregational creed. About the year 1690, however, there were in the town a considerable number of professors of the faith of the Church of England, amounting in all to some fifteen families, and an unsuccessful application was made to the Bishop of London for a missionary. There was at that time not a single Episcopal minister in the State, which included about thirty-three towns, with a population of about three hundred thousand. At length, in 1705, a request was addressed to the Rev. William Vesey, of Trinity Church, New York, begging him to visit Stratford, "to preach, and administer the ordinance of baptism." Mr. Vesey deputed the Rev. George Muirson, a Scottish minister of the Episcopal Church, to respond to the invitation, and in 1706 that worthy divine set out for Stratford, in company with the Hon. Colonel Heathcote, who "went fully armed." Great opposition was manifested by the bigoted Congregationalists to the establishment of another form of worship, and Mr. Muirson was threatened "with prison and hard usage," but he persevered in his intention of preaching, which he did "to a very numerous congregation, and baptised about twenty-four persons, mostly grown people." Other ministers visited Stratford from time to time, and in 1707 a parish was regularly organized. Thenceforward it continued to struggle, under different ministers, for many years against Congregational opposition, with pecuniary support, however, from the London Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. At length, on Christmas Day, 1723, a church edifice was opened. It stood in the present church burying-ground, and was forty-five and a half feet long, thirty and a half wide, and twenty-five between joints. The building funds were contributed in New York and elsewhere. The Reverend Samuel Johnson was at this time, and for many years afterwards, pastor of the little parish.

It was voted in 1738 "that there be a weekly contribution to repair the church," but by 1743 it was found that a new building was absolutely requisite to contain the increased congregation, and measures were taken to erect a new place of worship. About £1,500 were shortly subscribed, exclusive of the subscription for a bell, and the new church was opened on the 8th of July, 1744. Its dimensions were as follows: Length, sixty feet; width, forty-five feet and six inches; height to the roof, twenty-four feet; height of spire, one hundred and twenty feet. This church is represented in our engraving, and is still standing in good repair. The rector described it, shortly after its opening, as "finished in a very neat and elegant manner, the architecture being allowed in some things to exceed anything before done in New England."

During the Revolutionary War the prejudice against the Episcopal worshippers in Connecticut was great, and the church was closed from 1776 until the close of the struggle with Great Britain. In 1784 the Rev. Jeremiah Leaming was called to the Rectorship, and continued in charge of the parish until Easter, 1790, when he resigned, in consequence of infirmity and old age. During his ministry the rite of confirmation was administered by Bishop Seabury, for the first time in America, in Christ Church. During the six years of Dr. Leaming's rectorate, the rite of baptism was administered to one hundred and fifty-four persons, and thirty-five names were added to the list of communicants.

After a long series of devoted pastors, the present Rector, the Rev. Mr. Stearns, commenced his labors as parish minister, and his exertions have been eminently successful.

A CRIMINAL BROKEN ON THE WHEEL.

THE most frightful torture which the fiendish ingenuity of the middle ages succeeded in inventing was that of breaking on the wheel. It exceeded the rack in inflicting exquisite pain. Every bone in the sufferer's body was crushed by the terrible infliction; while care was taken, with a refinement of malignity, to preserve the vital element as long as possible. Various methods prevailed in the execution of this frightful punishment, but it is now happily extinct. It has

been inflicted, however, within the memory of man in Germany, and our engraving represents an unfortunate sufferer undergoing the final strangling at the hands of the executioner. The rope around his neck is gradually tightened, until his agonized body is drawn up and knotted in intolerable convulsions; the eyes start from the head, the brain appears upon the point of bursting, and death at length puts an end to the awful suffering. Just, however, before the tortured wretch loses his consciousness, a second executioner crushes, with a heavy wheel or club, his limbs and joints, and when dissolution takes place nothing remains but a formless mass of discolored flesh and mangled bones. The torture of the wheel was usually applied only to culprits accused of heresy or treason, but the most trivial offences were not unfrequently punished by it in the ages of lawless power.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1858, by FRANK LESLIE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

GOLD AND GLITTER;

OR,

THE ADVENTURES OF A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN.

FOUNDED ON FACT.

Written Expressly for Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper
BY ORLANDO LANG.

CHAPTER XIX.—THE FLIGHT.

MORNING dawned, gray and cold, and the sky that at night had been so clear and beautiful, was overcast; presenting a leaden, dreary aspect.

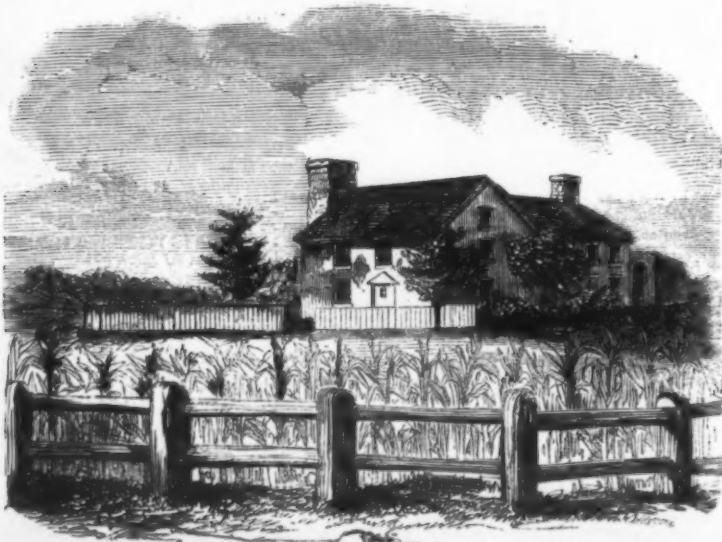
May Harley had not slept since awakening from the dream that so startled her, but sat the rest of the night, peering out into the blackness, that she might mark the first coming of the dawn.

It showed itself at length, and with a calmness that was almost terrible, she set about preparing to leave the home of her childhood, those who hitherto had watched over her life so tenderly.

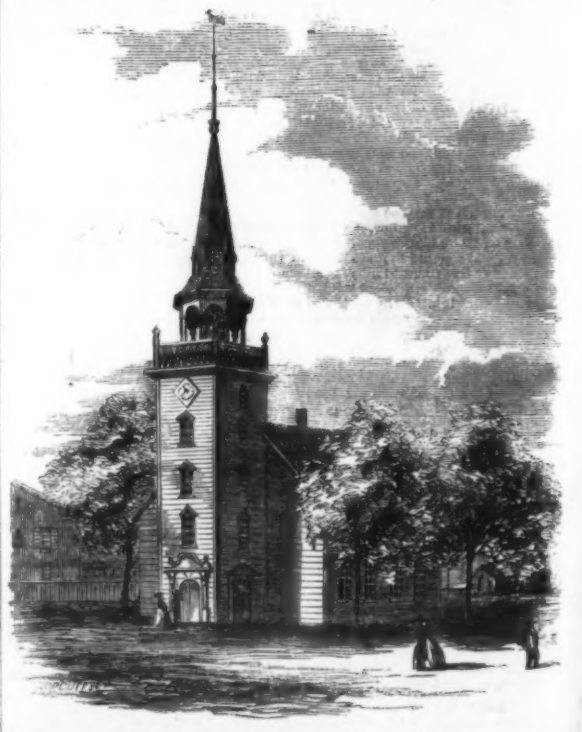
Yes, the young, delicate and beautiful was about to desert all, that she might follow to the antipodes, if need be, the man she loved.

What to her were parents, friends and home, in comparison with him to whom she was about to give herself wholly and for ever?

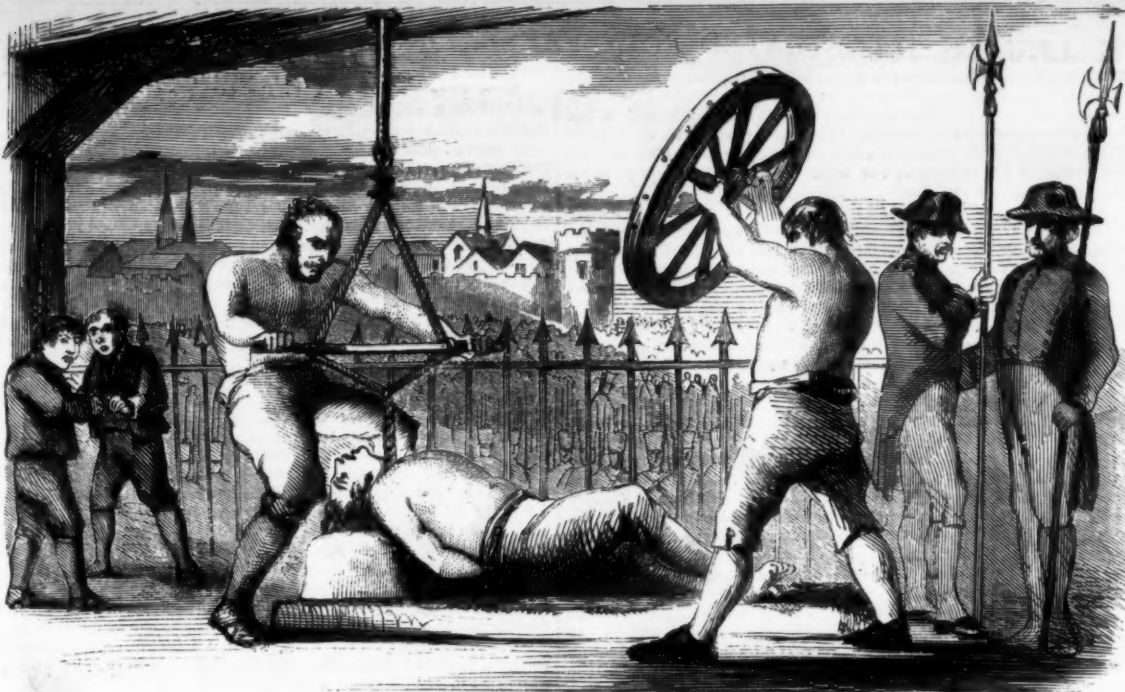
The hour had come, and the sacrifice she was about to make in



OLD HOUSE AT GUILFORD, CONNECTICUT.—FROM A SKETCH BY H. C. CURTIS.



CHRIST CHURCH, STRATFORD, CONNECTICUT.—FROM A SKETCH BY H. C. CURTIS.



EXECUTION IN PRUSSIA—A CRIMINAL BROKEN ON THE WHEEL.

stead of increasing in proportion by proximity, seemed to diminish with terrible rapidity, for but one thought, one feeling, one remembrance engrossed her—within an hour no power on earth could sever her from him.

True, her blood seemed like ice, her very feelings appeared congealed, and her fingers were so numb that it was with difficulty she fastened on her cloak and bonnet; but at length she was prepared, and noiselessly opening her chamber door, she glided forth into the hall and moved along passages and down the stairs on tiptoe, nor did she seem to feel the serious nature of the step she was taking, until she commenced to unfasten the bolts of the street door. Then she paused a moment and her eyes filled with tears; she looked around at the dear, familiar walls she was about to leave, and her heart almost failed her, and lest her resolution should give way, she hastily withdrew bolt and bar, and in an instant stood alone in the street, with her father's door shut behind her.

The carriage was to be ready within a block of the house. She hastened on, and turning a corner perceived the vehicle waiting and Ralph walking rapidly up and down. He saw her and ran forward to meet her.

"My own, my beloved!" he murmured, as he greeted her with passionate kisses. "You are indeed mine now, for ever and for ever!" "For ever and for ever, Ralph!" she echoed, as she nestled close to him; but on looking into his face she observed that he was pale as death, and her eye kept wandering impatiently to and fro. "What is the matter?" she asked. "Has anything occurred to you?"

"No, no; nothing," he replied; "only I have been waiting some moments and feared you had been discovered and detained; was not that enough to cause me intense anguish," and he held her the closer to his heart; yet still the deadly palor lingered on his brow and his hands trembled as he held her. How was it that in the very height of his triumph, in the completion of his most ardent wishes, with the prize he had toiled for in his very grasp, his brightest dreams on the verge of realization, that his countenance was of the hue of death, and a mysterious oppression seemed to weigh like lead upon his heart?

Was it that his conscience smote him for the doom to which he was condemning one so young and pure? However that might have been, he hurried her into the carriage, and the driver, who had previously received his instructions, mounted the box and drove rapidly off.

After a ride of perhaps twenty minutes, they stopped before a small, neat mansion, that stood back from the street some fifty feet or more. Ralph sprang out, and bidding May await his return, hastened through the garden and rang the bell; he was obliged to repeat the summons several times before it was answered, but at last a slipshod servant-girl, with head protruded from the basement door, demanded his business.

"I want to see the Rev. Mr. R—," Ralph answered. "And shure it's not at sich an hour he'll be lavin' his bed to see ye," the Celtic lady replied.

"Come and let me in and tell him that I'm here," Ralph said impatiently. "I've no time to waste; he expects me."

"Not a word did he tell me of expecting ye," the girl answered, and it is highly probable that she would still have refused him admission, had not her master's voice at that moment called to her to open the door without delay.

She obeyed his commands, and ushered Ralph into the parlor, then lighting the gas, for it was still dark in-doors, left him. He was not long alone, however, for presently the Rev. Mr. R— made his appearance. He was a short, stout gentleman, with a bald head and broad, ruddy countenance; his small gray eyes twinkled merrily in spite of the unseasonable hour at which he had been forced to leave his bed, and rubbing his plump white hands together, he said, in a voice that at once stamped him as priest after the order of Methodism,

"I see you are alone, my dear brother."

"Yes, the lady is in the carriage; I did not care to bring her in until everything is prepared," Ralph replied.

"I believe we are ready," the minister made answer.

"Do we require witnesses?"

"Certainly, certainly; but my domestics will answer. I keep two purposely for such occasions, and find it pays very well." So saying the little man waddled out after the witnesses, and Ralph returned to the carriage for the bride.

It had commenced to rain, and as May, clinging to Ralph's arm, hastened up the pathway, a death-chill shot to her heart. What a morning for a wedding; the sky black and threatening, and a cold, sobbing rain pattering down upon the pavement; no sunlight, no daylight almost, nothing but storm and darkness.

They entered the house, and in a few moments they two were one, but poor May's hand trembled so that it was with difficulty she could sign her name in the register.

The stout clergyman pocketed the handsome fee Ralph handed him, and following them to the door wished them health and happiness.

They did not hear even that solitary congratulation, however, for a sudden gust of wind scattered the words before they reached them.

In silence they re-entered the carriage, and once more drove rapidly off. Then May threw her arms about her husband's neck, and burying her head on his bosom, sobbed, "Oh, Ralph, you must always, always love me very dearly, for you are the only being in all this wide world to care for me."

He wound his arms about her and pressed her to his beating heart. "My heart's best blood is not so dear to me as you are," he said, in low, earnest tones. "Henceforth I have no thought, no wish, no hope, but for your happiness."

The storm increased in fury, down fell the heavy rain, and the fierce, writhing wind hurled around them.

They reached the depot from which they were to start on the wedding tour, or rather their flight. A few shivering passengers were collected, and for the few seconds that she was alone, while Ralph looked after the little luggage they had, May felt a sense of desolation absolutely appalling. When he came back though, and drew her arm through his, and talked to her in his soft, winning voice, she forgot everything in the delirious joy of love; and when they were rested in the car, and whirled away to their distant bourn, she drowned regret at what was left behind in delicious dreams of a home made glorious by the presence of him who could for her transform a desert into an Eden.

And now that they had actually left the great city behind them, Ralph, too, seemed to cast off the gloom that had oppressed him, and gave himself up to glad thoughts of the future. So for the time being, despite the dreary rain and threatening skies, both were intensely happy.

CHAPTER XX.—THE DISCOVERY.

THE morning of the flight Mr. Harley came down to breakfast somewhat earlier than usual, and waited long and impatiently for May to come and make his coffee for him.

In vain Hester volunteered her services; no—he was in no hurry, and had rather wait for May.

At length his patience induced him to send the waiter to call her, and after some moments the man returned, stating that he knocked over and over again, but could obtain no answer, and on listening could hear no sound.

"She has overslept herself, or is not well, poor girl," Mr. Harley said. "She seemed quite feverish last night when she kissed me. Will you go, Hester, and see what is the matter?"

Hester had risen before he asked her, and she hastened to fulfill his wishes.

Again a pause of some minute or two, which Harley employed in trying to read the paper; but somehow a strange chilly feeling kept creeping about his heart near and nearer, like icy fingers, slowly but surely closing over it.

Presently the door was shoved violently open, and Hester, white as death, and trembling, so that she could hardly stand tottered into the room, and would have fallen prostrate had Harley not sprung forward and caught her in his arms.

"What is the matter?" he asked, with suspended breath. "In Heaven's name, speak!"

"Gone, gone, gone," she sobbed rather than said.

"Gone! Who is gone? What do you mean?" Harley cried, be-

coming more and more alarmed. "Answer me, I say, answer me," and he shook the frail form he held passionately.

"Your daughter," Hester gasped.

The wretched father let go his hold and stood upright, as though turned to stone, his features rigid, his eyes fixed, and his hands clutched like vices. Hester sank at his feet, and looked up into his face.

"This is terrible, terrible," she moaned. "What can it mean? Ah, May, why have you brought this misery upon us?"

At the sound of his daughter's name Harley once more aroused himself from the stupor that had possessed him.

"Did you say my child, my angel, was dead?" he asked, with preternatural calmness.

"No, no—not dead, not dead."

"Not dead! What then?"

"She is gone, she has left us. Here, read this; I found it on her table; it is addressed to you," and she handed him May's letter.

Harley passed his hand several times over his eyes, as though to assure himself that he was awake, and this was not all some fearful dream; then with well-nigh palsied hand he took the letter, and fell backwards into a chair that stood near by. Hester still knelt beside, still watched every motion of his countenance.

He broke the wax and read, becoming paler and paler as he proceeded, until suddenly, as though stung by a scorpion, he dashed the paper from him, crying,

"My curses follow her—my bitterest, fiercest curses."

"Oh, hush! you know not what you are saying. It is of May, your daughter, your beloved, you speak. Unsay those horrible words, I entreat, implore you," and Hester wound her arms about him, pleading tearfully.

"Let me alone," he cried, fiercely, roughly pushing her away.

"Let me alone; has she not fled with a common vagrant—a low, vile beggar? I had rather the Prince of Darkness had her a thousand and a thousand times!" and rising from his seat, he walked up and down the room, uttering awful blasphemies.

Poor Hester, with trembling hands, picked the letter from the carpet, and with streaming eyes read it through and through. She learned by it the terrible fact that May had indeed left her home with one she loved too well; but her woman's heart could not but bleed for her when she came to the passionate entreaties for pardon, both for herself and Ralph, with which the letter ended.

By this time the household had become aware of what had occurred, and even Mrs. Harley had, for the first time in years, risen at the early hour of nine, and made her appearance in an exquisite rose-colored dressing-gown and pretty morning cap, to know what the commotion meant.

"It means, madame, that your daughter has fled from her home with a worthless wretch—left those who loved her better than their own hearts' blood, to follow a villain who will cast her from him, like a worn-out garment, as soon as he tires of her."

"Eloped! You don't mean it, you can't mean it," cried Mrs. Harley, allowing herself to fall gracefully into an arm-chair. "My *sal volatile*, Hester, quick! Oh, this is too much! Married, and no wedding reception! not even a box of cake! Cruel, cruel girl; she might have known the anguish it would cause."

"Fool!" Harley muttered, as in his impatient walk he passed his wife.

"Fool!" she echoed; "of course she's a fool. Just think what a wedding we could have given her! Well, the only thing we can do now is to keep it out of the papers, and have a ball when she comes back."

"Hester, will you take Mrs. Harley away?—she will drive me mad," Harley said, in a low voice. "No matter," he added, quickly, "I will go myself, for I have much to do. I'll follow them, and drag her from him if it cost me every penny I have on earth—I will, I will."

"And you will pardon her, and recall those fearful curses? Remember she is your child—your only one. Think of her as she used to cling about you in her youth and purity," Hester whispered, following him to the door.

"I do think of it every moment, every instant, and it almost maddens me," Harley said. "Oh, God! what an awful thing it is to love, and have that love flung back upon one's heart like ice on glowing coals."

"She does love you fondly, dearly. See with what passionate entreaties she sues for pardon," Hester continued, forcing the letter once more into his hands. He had not perused the latter portion before; now he let his eyes wander over it, till finally they became riveted upon the page, and tears actually floated in them.

He brushed the drops away almost angrily, and, saying in a husky voice to Hester, who still clung to him, "There, there, don't say anything more now," left the room and returned to his study.

CHAPTER XXI.

WHEN Mr. Harley emerged from his library, which was perhaps some half hour after he had entered it, he was dressed for the street; his



EDITH ASSERTING THE INNOCENCE OF HER BROTHER RALPH. HARLEY BELIEVES HIS STAR IS IN THE ASCENDANT.

brow had assumed its usual calmness, and, save a slight pallor, no outward trace was left to tell of the blighting storm that had passed over his life. His costume was as neat and faultless as ever, his hair arranged with studied elegance, and he drew on his gloves with as much sang froid as though nothing of moment had occurred, yet all this time, and beneath that imperturbable exterior, so fierce a struggle was going on that it would have utterly crushed a less iron-like soul than his.

He did not pause to exchange words with any one, but passed through the hall and out into the street, then without quickening his pace to a more rapid gait than that which he generally adopted, he bent his steps towards the hotel where Edith lived.

Unannounced he walked into her drawing-room; she was sitting at her solitary breakfast, looking pale and thoughtful. She raised her eyes languidly as he entered, but perceiving who her early visitor was, bowed her beautiful head very coldly and said, "You insist, I perceive, in making your visits ill-timed, sir."

"All time is alike to me," he answered quickly. "And believe me, I shall never, for your sake, put myself to inconvenience."

"You need not have told me that; I never gave you credit for treating any one with courtesy, save those whom you needed or feared."

"Have done with those keen speeches and answer me," he said, seating himself near her; "but first let me provide against interruption," and he arose and placed his hand on the key of the door.

"What are you about to do," she asked, quietly.

"Lock the door."

"I cannot allow it; resume your seat."

"You cannot allow it!" said he, with a fierce sneer.

"I have said it, sir, and you will oblige me by resuming your seat, or I shall relieve myself of your presence altogether;" and she rose and moved towards the door that communicated with her dressing-room.

With a curse he did as she desired, and returned to his seat leaving the door unlocked. Then she, too, returned to her place, and toyed listlessly with the spoon in her cup.

"Are you afraid of me?" Harley asked, fiercely.

"I have told you over and over again," Edith answered in the same quiet way in which she had previously spoken, "that you are incapable of causing a sensation of fear in my breast; I cannot fear one whom I despise."

His rage was boiling over, but he struggled and by a violent effort kept within bounds for the time. It was not his desire to aggravate her at present; he had first to find whether she knew of her brother's whereabouts, so he merely said, "You are unusually severe this morning, Miss Forrester; is it your brother's absence that chafes you?"

"How do you know that he is absent?"

"Read that," and he placed May's letter before her.

Edith took the paper, and as her eyes rapidly traced line after line, the little color she had forsaken her cheek, she grew deadly white, and a sense of dizziness oppressed her, so that it was with great difficulty she read on to the end.

When she had finished she looked wildly up in Harley's face, as though demanding some explanation. His only answer was to study her countenance closely, so as to satisfy himself that she was indeed ignorant of Ralph's purpose and place of concealment.

"So then you knew nothing of this hellish act?" he asked. "It was not you who set the treacherous villain on to steal my only treasure?"

"I set him on to degrade himself so far as to wed your daughter?" Edith cried, starting up in great indignation. "I tell you, man, I would rather, far rather see him dead at my feet than the husband of your child; it is like the sun of the bright, beautiful morning allying himself to the daughter of foul and filthy night."

"Do you dare couple my pure child's name with darkness and crime?" Harley muttered between his clenched teeth, seizing her roughly by the arm as he spoke. "Beware, beware, you are toying with the tiger when its young is stolen."

"You say well; like the tiger, you are one mass of treachery and ferocity; but the time will come when, like that beast wounded, you will crawl into your loathsome den and die unpitied, unmourned. I could rejoice with a glad heart that a fair, pure creature, like your daughter, had fled from so foul a lair as yours, had it been with any human being beside my mother's son. Let me go—do you hear, let me go!"—and she actually wrenched her arm from his grasp.

"Woman, for the present I have done with you," Harley said, hissing the words through his clenched teeth; "but I'll be avenged for this, so sure as there's a Heaven above."

"How dare you register an oath in Heaven," she cried. "It laughs at, spurns and mocks you."

Her excitement had become grand but terrible, and she stood up before him in all her glowing beauty like an inspired Pythoness.

"And I will laugh at, spurn and mock you yet, but not now," Harley answered, "not now. I only sought to find, through you, your brother's whereabouts. You are ignorant, and I have done with you; had you known it I would have trampled it out of your heart," and he ground his heel, in impotent rage, into the carpet.

He turned to leave the room, but as he threw open the door a captain and two officers of the police stood without.

Harley stepped back a pace or two, and Edith, still towering grandly up before them, demanded, in a firm voice, their business.

"With you we have nothing to do, madam," the captain replied, uncovering his head politely and entering the room. "It is Mr. Forrester we seek."

"Do you seek him at that man's bidding?" she asked, pointing to Harley.

"No, lady, at the bidding of the law."

"What law has been broken that ye come here in force to take him?"

"Do not ask."

"Nay, but I do ask—answer me."

"You will know too soon."

"Answer, answer; anything is better than suspense."

"Madam, I have a warrant to arrest Ralph Forrester for murder."

"Murder!" Harley cried.

"Murder!" Edith echoed, darting forward and seizing the officer's arm. "Speak quickly. This is some horrid dream, some terrible mistake! Speak, speak; whose blood dare you say my brother's hand spilled?"

"That of a well-known robber, Simeon Thornton. It was thought at first to have been done in self-defence, but a plain preconcerted murder was proved," the man said bluntly.

Edith fell back in a chair seemingly paralysed, every nerve unstrung, every sinew relaxed.

Harley asked eagerly, though in a low tone, "Are you sure of this—is there no mistake?"

"It is as certain as that the sun shines."

"Then my star is still in the ascendant!" Harley muttered. "Thornton dead and Forrester his murderer! It is well, it is well!" Then he said aloud, "You will not find him here. But lose no time; search the city, scour the country, I, myself, will give a thousand dollars to the man that brings him back! He shall hang by the neck until he is dead! He shall, he shall!"

"Liar! he shall not," Edith cried, starting up like one from death. "He shall not, I say; but he shall stand a living and an innocent man over your grave. Do you hear me? Over your grave!"

She stood with hair dishevelled and face like ashes, but her eyes burned with lurid fires, and her outstretched hand quivered with intense emotion. As such it seemed to call down vengeance upon Harley.

Harley, for his part, cowered and trembled before her great wrath, but pretending to laugh at her threats, made his way from the apartment with the officers.

CHAPTER XXII.

The usually tardy officers of justice had for once been speedy in tracing out a murder, although as yet no clue had been found to the whereabouts of the supposed criminal.

Before the corpse of the wretched Thornton was yet cold it had been discovered by two laborers who were passing to their early tasks in the city, so that by the first dawn of day the police were on the track of his murderer, nor were they long in doubt as to his identity.

As notorious as Thornton had made himself, of course his haunts were well-known to the myrmidons of the city government, and the detectives who were placed on the track lost no time in seeking his rendezvous in Orange street. There they learned from the two men known as Red Jake and the Knife of the appointment Forrester had made with Thornton for the purpose of paying him certain money, while they were supposed to sleep, and also of their certainty that Thornton had set out to keep the appointment. And the story was further corroborated by the woman with whom the wretched victim had lived, who testified to his arriving at his country house quite early in the evening, and sending her away to the city, as he had promised to meet Ralph alone, and did not mean to show the white feather.

That Thornton mistrusted Forrester's intent, however, was also made evident by the statement of this woman, for it appeared that he had intimated to her his suspicions that he entertained sinister designs, and to guard against them, in her presence loaded both his pistols, saying, as he did so, "If the young ruffian tries any game on me, these will give him enough pepper and salt to last him the rest of his days." But the most positive and convincing proof of guilt lay in the fact that a large heavy dirk knife, bearing Forrester's initials engraved on the handle, was found stained with blood on the ground beside Thornton's corpse. Besides, had he not fled in the night time, adding to the horror of his crime by bearing with him on his blood-stained flight a young and beautiful girl, ignorant of the terrible deed that blackened the heart of the man she loved better than all the world?

On such proof was it that a warrant had been issued for the arrest of Ralph Forrester on the grave charges of highway robbery and murder, and already a price was set upon his head.

As for William Harley, a fiendish joy filled his heart. He had lost his child, but all his enemies were entangled in one net now; Thornton already slept the last long sleep; Forrester, who had sent him to his account, would perish by the hangman's hand; and Edith must accept the hand of Gerald Marston—whom he knew full well would now, with renewed ardor, prosecute his suit—or return to her former condition—a street beggar.

With unexampled celerity did Harley make his arrangements to accompany the officers who were to seek out the murderer, and the very afternoon of the day on which the crime was discovered he was ready to set forth.

First, however, he once more called on Edith.

To his surprise he found her calm, and evidently buoyed up by some inward strength, for her voice was firm and her hand did not tremble.

She took no notice of Harley when he was ushered in, farther than to raise her eyes, and seeing who it was, let them fall again. Abashed and disconcerted by a manner so different from what he had looked for, Harley scarce knew what course to pursue. However, he seated himself quite near to her, and said in a conciliatory voice,

"My dear Miss Forrester, this is a terrible misfortune that has befallen you."

"It is."

"You will forgive my rashness and anger this morning," he continued, drawing his chair nearer to her, and attempting to take her hand. "Remember how my heart was rent and torn by the loss of a dearly beloved child."

"William Harley," she answered, calmly and deliberately, "if you desire pardon for the injuries and wrongs you have heaped upon myself and those who are dear to me, subdue your dark and wicked heart to penitence, and seek forgiveness of One who is all merciful—for, mark my words, you will need that mercy before many weeks have passed."

"You talk idly now; have done with such foolish denunciation, and let us talk of facts."

"Go on—I am listening."

"Your brother's life is in jeopardy."

"It is."

"I can save him."

A thrill shot through her frame, but she did not let him know it; she knew too well he only toyed with her bleeding and torn heart—so she answered,

"And what would you require of me in return for a brother's life?"

"Your solemn vow that you will become the wife of Gerald Marston."

"I reject your offer. Go!"

"Pause before you decide. Remember a felon's death awaits him—him, the brother of your love, the companion of your suffering and joy."

"Hold—would you madden me?"

"Think that the neck your arms have entwined so often may, by your own act, be given to the rough embrace of a halter."

She did not speak—her blood was congealing.

"Will you save him, Edith? Speak—one word—and I swear to you he shall escape. I myself am to accompany the officers of justice. You know what gold can do—and by its power I swear to you your brother shall escape to some foreign land, if you will register a solemn vow to become the bride of Gerald Marston. Refuse, and he dies a common felon on the scaffold."

"Temper, begone!" Edith cried, starting up. "Death, death to both of us on the public scaffold, anywhere, or at any time, rather than dishonor! What misery here or hereafter could be so great as the sense of having aided you in the commission of an act of infamy. Begone, I say, begone!"

"You are excited now; I will give you half an hour to consider," Harley said, biting his lips to keep down his rage, and rising from his seat.

"Half a century would not alter my determination. Leave me!"

"Is this your final answer?"

"Yes."

"Woman, you have raised the bitter chalice to your own lips—do not wonder that I force you to drain it to the very dregs," Harley muttered, with dark brow and flashing eye. "And when your brother is dragged through gaping crowds to expiate his crimes on the gallows, when in imagination you see his livid neck and distorted face, may the thought that one word from you could have saved him burn into your heart like fire!"

Edith shrank back aghast from the horrid picture, and covering her face with her hands, shuddered in every limb.

"Do you relent at last?" Harley asked, moving towards her a step or two.

"No!" she cried, springing up. "I am as firm as adamant! Leave me, monster! Your presence poisons the very air like a great pestilence. You can wring and torture, ay, perhaps break my poor heart, but you cannot bend it. Away, away, between you and me a great gulf yawns, a gulf no power on earth can bridge." And she waved him off with extended arms.

"Once more, and for the last time," Harley said, still curbing his fierce rage, in his eager desire to gain his end—"shall it be peace or war—shall we be friends or foes?"

"War—war to extermination. Foes to the death!" she said, still motioning him away.

"Be it so—your blood and your brother's blood be on your own head. I leave you to follow on Ralph's track like a bloodhound

after its prey. I will drag him from his den to the light of day if life and fortune both are spent in the pursuit. And as for you, I cannot be burdened with such a useless expense—from this moment back to your garret—back to the gutter and the garbage from which I took you—back to your boon companions, thieves and harlots that they were."

"Coward! poor lousesome coward!" Edith answered, with withering contempt, "thus to insult a woman when no one is by to protect her. Now, heat me—you would consign me again to poverty, because I will not, by becoming Gerald Marston's wife, aid you in robbing him of his patrimony. But I need money—need it to defend my brother from the foul charge brought against him. For some months you have almost forced gold upon me; I took it all because it was my own. I did not squander it though, and now it will serve me well."

He looked at her with intense hatred.

"So," he sneered, "you as well as your precious brother are a common thief."

"I have taken what is my own, and I will keep it," she said.

"It is a lie—you have stolen what is mine," Harley cried, livid with passion.

"Oh, is there no one to protect me from this monster!" Edith said. "Leave me, or I will cry for help."

Just then the door opened, and Gerald Marston sprang like a young lion, between Edith and Harley.

"Stand back!" he said, addressing himself to the latter. "Stand back, and dare to utter another insult to this lady and I will strike you to my feet." Then, turning quickly to Edith, he continued, in a quiet, differential tone, "Fear nothing, Miss Forrester, I will protect you from further insult. I called to offer you my poor services in the terrible trial that has come upon you, and being shown into your drawing-room, necessarily became a listener to the latter portion of your conversation with this man, which I cannot regret, as it has solved a terrible and, to me, heart-crushing mystery, and painted also this devil in his true colors."

She seized Gerald's hand, pressed it warmly (how could she help it?) and that pressure went through his nerves like lightning, making him strong as a giant in her defence. So he turned again upon Harley, saying, firmly, "Quit the room, Mr. Harley, unless you would have me spurn you from it like a dog."

"Boy!" Harley sneered, "you, too, seek your own destruction. I go, for I would bear no part in a common brawl; but beware of my return. As for you, young man, you had better have disturbed a hyena in its lair than aroused my hate."

"Go! Do your worst—we defy you," Gerald answered.

"We—we," Harley echoed. "It has come to that already?"

"Ay, we defy you," Edith said, passing her arm through Gerald's. "In my sorrow he came to me to seek me his aid; I accept it. Go now, villain, bring back my brother! Here is one shall make his innocence as clear as the noonday sun."

"One, at least, who will devote every energy of body and mind to the accomplishment of it," Gerald said. "Now, sir, will you leave us?"

"Fools! miserable fools!" Harley muttered, as he turned away, "I will crush you all beneath my heel yet."

He left the room, but as he moved along the corridor he muttered, "He shall hang, even though he should expose all. Yet, for his sister's sake, I think he will die without confessing another crime. At all events I must run the risk, for die he must and shall; he shall never live the husband of my child. Ah, I have it," he continued, as he passed out into the street; "the fellow is bold and reckless—if I could induce him to wake with myself, furnish him the means to avoid a public and a shameful death on condition that he dies with my secret unrevealed—yes, yes, that will answer," and with brightened brow he hurried on.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Gerald and Edith were left together, and in the interview that followed all mystery was for ever cleared away between them. Concomitant on Edith's part was useless, after what Gerald had accidentally overheard, so she told him all her sad story, and how she had resolved that through her no stain should ever rest upon his name. "Oh, Gerald," she murmured in conclusion, "I have loved you as woman can love but once; do love you, shall love you here and hereafter, but you must strengthen me against myself; do not, do not add to my torture by asking me to become your wife."

"Beloved, you ask too much. Why, oh, why should I not have the privilege of watching over you, defending you, loving you in the face of the entire world?" Gerald said, pressing her close to his heart.

"What to me is fortune without you share it; I have enough left to make us both very happy. Answer me, my beloved, my betrothed, may I not add the sacred name of wife?"

"You know not what you ask," she answered, trembling in every limb. "Think of the terrible things that surround me; my dear mother's fair name sullied, myself but lately a very beggar in the streets, my brother accused of the foulest crime in the whole dark catalogue of sins. Think of this, Gerald, think calmly, dispassionately, and then say will you take me with such a burden."

"I will, I do," he cried, covering her lips with kisses. "Henceforth we will have but one heart, one thought, one life, through all eternity, one being."

"Noble and generous man," Edith said, struggling to free herself from his arms, "it must not, cannot be."

"It must—it shall."

"Listen to me, Gerald. When my brother's name and fame are vindicated, when my brother stands freed from the suspicion even of this fearful crime imputed to him, when William Harley's baseness and treachery are made patent to all the world, then ask me to be your wife, and I will cast myself upon your bosom and rest there as happy as the angels are in Heaven. Until that time comes, cease, oh, cease, to aggravate my misery by entreaties which I must deny."

Still she held his hand in hers, but he saw plainly how unalterable was her determination, and while his heart was wrung to the quick, he could not but reverence her the more.

"I must accept your terms," he said sadly, but yet hopefully. "It is so much to be permitted to love you, to know that you love me, that I can live on it until the time comes, as come it will, when this dear hand will be mine for ever."

"Heaven grant it may be so," Edith said; "and now let us talk of poor Ralph."

And they did talk of Ralph for long hours. Edith told Gerald of his strange conduct on the preceding day, when he left her; and Gerald, though he strove hard to think otherwise, could not but feel that a dark and, at present, impenetrable pall of suspicion rested upon the fugitive. Who else could have done the deed, he asked himself, "and how came Ralph's knife at the dead man's side?" And when he left Edith, in spite of the assurance he had of her love, a heavy, heavy weight was upon his heart. The future looked drear indeed.

(To be continued.)

Arctic Frolics.—The log-book of the Arctic, sent to the Cuban sea to sink and otherwise annihilate the English fleet, has been published. It reflects immense credit to the present administration. Since Gen. Cass broke his sword in Canada by its getting between his legs, the nation has had no such exploit. It appears the Arctic was eighteen days in reaching Havana; that on the first day she made an average of four miles an hour; on the second she had to keep a corporal's guard employed to keep their only howitzer from rolling overboard; the next day she sprung a leak—all hands to the pump; fifth day, thought of throwing all guns overboard; next morning saw the Styx, was about asking her to tow the Arctic along, but spared this mortification by the Styx running off; next day fell in with the Wabash, who took the Arctic in tow, hawser broke and left the would-be capturer of the Styx in the lurch! We read that one brave sailor, who shipped in the Arctic on purpose to be the first to board the Styx and plant our glorious flag on that saucy pirate, died within one day's steam of Keyport out of sheer ecstacy. We are also sorry to add that Senators Toombs, Seward and Crittenden are confined to their beds of glory!

DAVENPORT DUNN: A MAN OF OUR DAY.

By Charles Lever.

CHAPTER XII.—THE GERM OF A BOLD STROKE.

Mr. Davenport Dunn had passed a day of unusual happiness and ease, the night that followed was destined to be one of intense labor and toil. Scarcely had the quiet of repose settled down upon "The Hermitage," than the quick tramp of horses, urged to their sharpest trot, was heard approaching, and soon after Mr. Hanks descended from his travelling-carriage at the door.

"You have made haste, Hanks," said Dunn, not wasting a word in salutation. "I scarcely looked to see you before daybreak."

"Yes, sir; the special train behaved well, and the posters did their part as creditably. I had about four hours altogether in Dublin, but they were quite sufficient for everything."

"For everything?" repeated Dunn.

"Yes; you'll find nothing has been forgotten. Before leaving Cork I telegraphed to Meekins of the Post and to Browne of the Banner, to meet me on my arrival at Henrietta street. Strange enough, they both were anxiously waiting for some instructions on the very question at issue. They came armed with piles of provincial papers, all written in the same threatening style. One in particular, the *Upper Ossory Beacon*, had an article headed, 'Who is our Dionysius?'"

"Never mind that," broke in Dunn, impatiently. "You explained to them the line to be taken?"

"Fully, sir. I told them that they were to answer the attacks weakly, feebly, deprecating in general terms the use of personalities, and throwing out little appeals to forbearance; and so on. On the question of the bank, I said, 'Be somewhat more resolute; hint that certain aspersions might be deemed actionable; that wantonly to assail credit is an offence punishable at law; and then dwell upon the benefits already diffused by these establishments, and implore all who have the interest of Ireland at heart not to suffer a spirit of faction to triumph over their patriotism.'"

"You have brought the bank accounts and the balance-sheet?"

"Yes, they are all here."

"Have you made any rough calculation as to the amount—?" He stopped.

"Fifty thousand ought to cover it easily—I mean with what they have themselves in hand. The first day will be a heavy one, but I don't suspect the second will, particularly when it is known that we are discounting freely as ever."

"And now as to the main point?" said Dunn.

"All right, sir. Eberidge's securities give us seventeen thousand; we have a balance of above eleven at that account of Lord Lackington; I drew out the twelve hundred of Kellett's at once; and several other small sums, which are all ready."

"It is a bold stroke!" muttered Dunn, musingly.

"None but an original mind could have hit upon it, sir. I used to think the late Mr. Robins a very great man, sir—and he was a great man—but this is a cut above him."

"Let us say so when it has succeeded, Hanks," said Dunn, with a half-smile.

As he spoke he seated himself at the table, and opening a massive account-book was soon deep in its details. Hanks took a place beside him, and they both continued to pore over the long column of figures together.

"We stand in a safer position than I thought, Hanks," said Dunn, leaning back in his chair.

"Yes, sir; we have been nursing this Ossory Bank for some time. You remember, some time ago, saying to me, 'Hanks, put condition on that horse, we'll have to ride him hard before the season is over.'"

"Well, you have done it cleverly, I must say," resumed Dunn. "The concern is almost solvent."

"Almost, sir," echoed Hanks.

"What a shake it will give them all, Hanks," said Dunn, gleefully, "when it once sets in, as it will and must, powerfully. The Provincial will stand easily enough."

"To be sure, sir."

"And the Royal also; but the 'Tyrawley'—"

"And the 'Four Counties,'" added Hanks. "Driscoll is ready with four thousand of the notes 'to open the ball,' as he says, and when Terry's name gets abroad it will be worse to them than a placard on the walls."

"I shall not be sorry for the 'Four Counties,'" it was Mr. Morris, the chairman, had the insolence to allude to me in the House, and ask if it were true that the Ministry had recommended Mr. Davenport Dunn as a fit object for the favors of the crown? That question, sir, placed my claim in abeyance ever since. The minister, pledged solemnly to me, had to rise in his place and say, 'No.' Of course he added the stereotyped sarcasm, 'Not, that if such a decision had been come to, need the cabinet have shrunk from the responsibility through any fears of the honorable gentleman's indignation.'"

"Well, Mr. Morris will have to pay for his joke now," said Hanks. "I'm told his whole estate is liable to the bank."

"Every shilling of it. Driscoll has got me all the details."

"Lushington will be the great sufferer by the 'Tyrawley,'" continued Hanks.

"Another of them, Hanks—another of them," cried Dunn, rubbing his hands joyfully. "Tom Lushington—the Honorable Tom, as they call him—blackballed me at 'Brookes's.' They told me his very words, 'It's bad enough to be 'Dunned,' as we say, out of doors, but let us at least be safe from the infliction at our clubs.' A sorry jest, but witty enough for those who heard it."

"I don't think he has sincipice."

"No, sir; nor can he run in a Treasury Lord with a flat of bankruptcy against him. So much, then, for Tom Lushington! I tell you, Hanks," said he, spiritedly, "next week will have its catalogue of shipwrecks. There's a storm about to break that none have yet suspected."

"There will be some heavy sufferers," said Hanks, gravely.

"No doubt, no doubt," muttered Dunn. "I never heard of a battle without killed and wounded. I tell you, sir, again," said he, raising his voice, "before the week ends the shore will be strewn with fragments; we alone can ride through the gale unharmed. It is not fully a month since I showed the Chief Secretary here—say, and his Excellency also—the insolent but insidious system of attack the Government journals maintain against me, the half-covert insinuations, the impertinent queries, pretended inquiries for mere information's sake. Of course, I got for answer the usual cant about 'freedom of the press,' 'liberty of public discussion,' with the accustomed assurance that the Government had not, in reality, any recognised organ; and, to wind up, there was the laughing question, 'And what do you care, after all, for these fellows? But now I will show that I do care.'"

Never before had Hanks seen his chief carried away by any sense of personal injury; he had even remarked, amongst the traits of his great business capacity, that a calm contempt for mere passing opinion was his characteristic, and he was sorely grieved to find that such equanimity could be disturbed. With his own especial quickness Dunn saw what was passing in his lieutenant's mind, and he added, hastily:

"Not that, of all men, I need care for such assaults: powerful even to tyranny as the press has become amongst us, there is one thing more powerful still, and that is—Prosperity! It is the gauge of every man," resumed Dunn; "from him that presides over a Railway Board to him that sways an Empire. And justly so, too," added he, rapidly. "A man must be a consummate judge of horseflesh that could pick out the winner of the Oaks in a stable, but the scurriest varlet on the field can see who comes in first on the day of the race! Have you ever been in America, Hanks?" asked he, suddenly.

"Yes; all over the States. I think I know cousin Jonathan as well as I know old John himself."

"You know a very shrewd fellow then," muttered Dunn; "over-shrewd, mayhap."

"What led you to think of that country now?" asked the other, curiously.

"I scarcely know," said Dunn, carelessly, as he walked the room in thoughtfulness; then added, "If no recognition were to come of these services of mine, I'd just as soon live there as here. I should, at least, be on the level of the best about me." Well," cried he, in a higher tone, "we have some trumps to play out ere it comes to that."

Once more they turned to the account-books and the papers before them, for Hanks had many things to explain and various difficulties to unravel. The vast number of those enterprises in which Dunn engaged had eventually blended and mingled all their interests together. Estates and shipping, and banks, mines, railroads and dock companies had so often interchanged their securities, each bolstering up the credit of the other in turn, that the whole resembled some immense fortress, where the garden, too weak for a general defence, was always hastening to some one point or other—the seat of an immediate attack. And thus an Irish draining fund was one day called upon to liquidate the demands upon a sub-Alpine railroad, while a Mexican tin mine flew to the rescue of a hoary scheme in Balbriggan! To have ever a force ready on the point assailed was Dunn's remarkable talent, and he handled his masses like a great master of war.

Partly out of that indolent insolence which power begets, he had latterly been less mindful of the press, less alive to the strictures of journalism, and attacks were made upon him which, directed as they were against his solvency, threatened at any moment to assume a dangerous shape. Roused at last by the peril, he had determined on playing a bold game for fortune, and this it was which now engaged his thoughts, and whose details the dawning day saw him deeply considering. His new great theory was, that a recognised station amongst the nobles of the land was the one only security against disaster.

"Once amongst them," said he, "they will defend me as one of their order." It was evident that another had not regarded this ambition as fanciful or extravagant. Lady Augusta—the haughty daughter of one of the wealthiest in the peerage—as much as said, "It was a fair and reasonable object of hope—then none could deny the claims he preferred, nor any affect to undervalue the vast benefits he had conferred on his country." Knowing all the secret instincts of that mysterious brotherhood as she did, Dunn imagined to himself all the advantage her advice and counsels could render him. "She can direct me in many ways, teaching me how to treat these mysterious high priests as I ought. What shall I do to secure her favor? How enlist it in my cause? Could I make her partner in the enterprise?" As the thought flashed across him his cheek burned as if with a flame, and he rose abruptly from the table and walked to the window, fearful lest his agitation might be observed.

"That were success, indeed!" muttered he. "What a strong ball would it be when I called two English peers my brothers-in-law, and an earl for my wife's father. This would at once lead me to the very step of the 'Order.' How many noble families would it interest in my elevation. The Ardens are the best blood of the south—connected widely with the highest in both countries. Is it possible that this could succeed?" He thought of the old earl, and his intense pride of birth, and his heart misgave him; but then Lady Augusta's gentle tones and gentler looks came to his mind, and he remembered that though a peer's daughter she was penniless, and—no shame to write it—not young. The Lady Augusta Arden married the millionaire Mr. Dunn, and the world understands the compact. There are many such matches every season.

"What age would you guess me to be, Hanks?" said he, suddenly turning round.

"I should call you—let me see—a matter of forty-five or forty-six, sir."

"Older, Hanks—older," said he, with a smile of half-pleasure.

"You don't look it, sir, I protest you don't. Sitting up all night and working over these accounts, one night, perhaps, call you forty-six; but seeing you as you come down to breakfast after your natural rest, you don't seem forty."

"This same life is too laborious; a man may follow it for the ten or twelve years of his prime, but it becomes downright slavery after that."

"But what is an active mind like yours to do, sir?" asked Hanks.

"Take his ease and rest himself."

"Ease!—rest! All a mistake, sir. Great business men can't exist in that lethargy called leisure."

"You are quite wrong, Hanks; if I were the master of some venerable old demesne, like this, for instance, with its timber of centuries' growth, and its charms of scenery, such as we see around us here, I'd ask no better existence than to pass my days in calm retirement, invite a stray friend or two to come and see me, and with books and other resources, hold myself aloof from stocks and statecraft, and not so much as ask how are the funds or who is the minister."

"I'd be sorry to see you come to that, sir, I declare I should," said Hanks, earnestly.

"You may live to see it, notwithstanding," said Dunn, with a placid smile.

"Ah, sir," said Hanks, "it's not the man who has just conceived such a grand idea as this," and he touched the books before him, "ought to talk of turning hermit."

"We'll see, Hanks—we'll see," said Dunn, calmly; "there come the post-horses—I suppose for you."

"All shall be attended to, sir," said Hanks. "I think I'll despatch Wilkins to you with the news; he's an awful fellow to exaggerate evil tidings."

"Very well," said Dunn; "good night, or, I opine, rather, good morning." And he turned away into his bedroom.

CHAPTER XIII.—THE GARDEN.

From the moment that Mr. Davenport Dunn announced he would still continue to enjoy the hospitality of the Hermitage, a feeling of intimacy grew up between himself and his hosts that almost savored of old friendship. Lord Glengarriff already saw in the distance wealth and affluence—he had secured a co-operation that never knew failure—the one man whose energies could always guarantee success.

"By George, Gusty!" cried Lord Glengarriff, "I cannot yet persuade myself that this is 'Old Davy,' as you and the girls used to call him long ago. Of all the miraculous transformations I have ever witnessed none of them approaches this!"

"It is wonderful, indeed," said she, slowly.

"It is not that he has acquired or increased his stock of knowledge—that would not have puzzled me so much, seeing the life of labor he has led—but I go on asking myself, what has become of his former self, of which not a trace nor vestige remains? where is his shy, hesitating manner, his pedantry, his suspicion? where the intense eagerness to learn what was going on in the house? You remember how his prying disposition used to worry us?"

"I remember," said she, in a low voice.

"There is something, now, in his calm, quiet deportment very like dignity. I protest I should—seeing him for the first time—call him a well-bred man."

"Certainly," said she, in the same tone.

"As little was I prepared for the frank and open manner in which he spoke to me of himself."

"Has he done so?" asked she, with some animation.

"Yes; with much candor, and much good sense, too. He sees the obstacles he has surmounted in life, and he just as plainly perceives those that are not to be overcome."

"What may these latter be?" asked she, cautiously.

"It is pretty obvious what they are," said he, half-pettishly; "his family—his connections—his station, in fact."

"How did he speak of these—in what terms, I mean?"

"Modestly and fairly. He did not conceal what he owed to feel as certain hardships; but he was just enough to acknowledge that our social system was a sound one, and worked well."

"It was a great admission," said she, with a very faint smile.

"The Radical crept out only once," said the old lord, laughing at the recollection. "It was when I remarked that an ancient nobility, like a diamond, required centuries of crystallization to give it lustre and coherence. 'It were well to bear in mind, my lord,' said he, 'that it began by being only charcoal.'"

She gave a low, quiet laugh, but said nothing.

"As I have already said, Gusty, these men are only dangerous when our own exclusiveness has made them so. Treat them fairly, admit them to your society, listen to their arguments, refute them, show them where they have mistaken us, and they are not dangerous."

"I suppose you are right," said she, musingly.

"Another thing astonishes me; he has no pride of purse about him—at least, I cannot detect it. He talks of money reasonably and fairly, acknowledges what it can, and what it cannot do."

"And what, pray, is that?" broke she in, hastily.

"I don't think there can be much dispute on that score!" said he, in a voice of pique. "The sturdiest advocate for the power of wealth never presumed to say it could make a man—one of us!" said he, after a pause that sent the blood to his face.

"But it can, and does every day," said she, resolutely. "Our Peerage is invigorated by the wealth as well as by the talent of the class beneath it, and if Mr. Dunn be the millionaire that common report proclaims him, I should like to know why that wealth, and all the influence that it yields, should not be associated with the institutions to which we owe our stability?"

"The wealth and the influence if you like, only not himself," said the earl, with a saucy laugh. "My dear Augusta," he added, in a gentler tone, "he is a most excellent and a very useful man—where he is. The age suits him and he suits the age. We live in stirring times, when these sharp intellects have an especial value."

"You talk as if these men were your tools. Is it not just possible you may be theirs?" said she, impatiently.

"What monstrous absurdity is this, child?" replied he, angrily. "It is—it is downright—" he grew purple in the endeavor to find the right word—"downright Chartist!"

"If so, the Chartists have more of my sympathy than I was aware of."

Fortunately for both, the sudden appearance of Dunn himself put an end to the discussion. They had not walked many steps in company, when Lord Glengarriff was recalled to the cottage by the visit of a neighboring magistrate, and Lady Augusta found herself alone with Mr. Dunn.

"I am afraid, Lady Augusta," said he, timidly, "my coming up was inopportune. I suspect I must have interrupted some confidential conversation?"

"No, nothing of the kind," said she, frankly. "My father and I were discussing what we can never agree upon, and what every day seems to widen the breach of opinion between us; and I am well pleased that your arrival should have closed the subject."

"I never meant to play sardapdrop, Lady Augusta," said he, earnestly; "but as I came up the grass alley I heard my own name mentioned twice. Am I indiscreet in asking to what circumstance I owe the honor of engaging your attention?"

"I don't exactly know how to tell you," said she, blushing. "Not, indeed, but that the subject was one on which your own sentiments would be far more interesting than our speculations; but in repeating what passed between us, I might perhaps give an undue weight to opinions which merely came out in the course of conversation. In fact, Mr. Dunn," said she, hastily, "my father and I differ as to what should constitute the aristocracy of this kingdom, and from what sources it should be enlisted."

"And I was used as an illustration?" said Dunn, bowing low, but without the slightest trace of irritation.

"You were," said she, in a low but distinct voice.

"Wait for me, Miss Kellett; Mr. Dunn must be given time for his letters, or he will begin to rebel against his captivity." And with this she moved away.

"Pray don't go, Lady Augusta," said he. "I'm proof against business appeals to-day." But she was already out of hearing.

Amongst the secrets which Davenport Dunn had never succeeded in unravelling, the female heart was pre-eminently distinguished. The very young lady fresh from her governess or the boarding-school would have proved a greater puzzle to him than the most intricate statement of a finance minister. Whether Lady Augusta had fully comprehended his allusion, or whether, having understood it, she wished to evade the subject, and spare both herself and him the pain of any mortifying rejoinder, were now the difficult questions which he revolved over and over in his mind.

At last he was reminded of the circumstance which had interrupted their converse—the despatch; he took it from his pocket and looked at the address and the seal, but never opened it, and with a kind of half smile replaced it in his pocket.

CHAPTER XIII.—THE TELEGRAPHIC DESPATCH.

WHEN Mr. Davenport Dunn entered the drawing-room before dinner on that day, his heart beat very quickly as he saw Lady Augusta. Arden was there alone. In what spirit she remembered the scene of the morning, whether she felt resentment towards him for his presumption, was disposed to scoff down his pretensions, or to regard them, if not with favor, with at least forgiveness, were the themes on which his mind was yet dwelling. The affable smile with which she now met him did more to resolve these doubts than all his causticity.

"Was it not very thoughtful of me," said she, "to release you this morning, and suffer you to address yourself to the important things which claimed your attention? I really am quite vain of my self-denial."

"But I have not read the despatch—there it is still, just as you saw it," said he, producing the packet with the seal unbroken.

"But really, Mr. Dunn," said she, and her face flushed up as she spoke, "this does not impress me with the wonderful aptitude for affairs men ascribe to you. Is it usual to treat these messages so cavalierly?"

"It never happened with me till this morning, Lady Augusta," said he, in the same low tone. "Carried away by an impulse which I will not try to account for, I had dared to speak to you of myself and of my future in a way that showed how eventful to both might prove the manner in which you heard me."

"Well, Dunn," cried Lord Glengarriff, entering, "I suppose you have made a day of work of it; we have never seen you since breakfast."

"On the contrary, my lord," replied he, in deep confusion; "I have taken my idleness in the widest sense. Never wrote a line—not looked into a newspaper."

"The fact is," broke in Lady Augusta, hurriedly, "Mr. Dunn was so implicit in his obedience to our prescription of perfect rest and repose that he made it a point of honor not even to read a telegram without permission."

"I must say it is very flattering to us," said Lord Glengarriff; "but now let us reward the loyalty, and let him see what his news is."

Dunn looked at Lady Augusta, who, with the very slightest motion of her head, gave consent, and he broke open the despatch.

Dunn crushed the paper angrily in his hand when he finished reading it, and muttered some low words of angry meaning.

"Nothing disagreeable, I trust?" asked his lordship.

"Yes, my lord, something even worse than disagreeable," said he; then flattening out the crumpled paper, he held it to him to read.

Lord Glengarriff, putting on his spectacles, perused the document slowly, and then turning towards Dunn, in a voice of deep agitation, said, "This is very clear-sighted indeed; are you prepared for it?"

Without attending to the question, Dunn took the despatch from Lord Glengarriff, and handed it to Lady Augusta.

"A run for gold!" cried she, suddenly. "An attempt to break the Ossory Bank! What does it all mean? Who are they that make this attack?"

"Opponents—some of them political, some commercial, a few, perhaps, men personally unfriendly—enemies of what they call my success!" and he sighed heavily on the last word. "Let me see," said he, slowly, after a pause; to day is Thursday—to-morrow will be the 28th—heavy payments are required for the Guatemala Trunk Line—something more than forty thousand pounds to be made up. The Panama Loan, second instalment, comes on the 30th."

"Dinner, my lord," said a servant, throwing open the door.

A thousand pardons, Lady Augusta," said Dunn, offering his arm. "I am really shocked at intruding these annoyances upon your notice. You see, my lord," added he, gaily, "one of the penalties of admitting the 'workmen of life' into your society."

"It was only as they passed on towards this dinner-room that Lord Glengarriff noticed Miss Kellett's absence."

"She has a headache, or a cold, I believe," said Lady Augusta, carelessly; and they sat down to dinner.

So long as the servants were present the conversation ranged over commonplace events. Once alone—and Lord Glengarriff took the earliest moment to be so—they immediately resumed the subject of the ill-omened despatch.

"You are, at all events, prepared, Dunn," said the earl; "this onslaught does not take you by surprise?"

"I am ashamed to say it does, my lord," said he, with a painful smile.

"What a base ingratitude!" exclaimed Lady Augusta, indignantly.

"After all," said Dunn, generously, "let us remember that I am not a fair judge in my own cause. Others have taken it, it may be, another reading of my character; they may deem me narrow-minded, selfish and ambitious. My very success—I am not going to deny it has been great—may have provoked its share of enmity. Why, the very vastness and extent of my projects were a sort of standing reproach to petty speculators and small scheme-mongers."

"Are your people—your agents and men of business, I mean," said the earl, "equal to such an emergency as the present, or will they have to look to you for guidance and direction?"

"Merely to meet the demand for gold is a simple matter, my lord," said Dunn; "and does not require any effort of mind or forethought. To prevent the back-water of this rushing, flood submerging and engulfing other banking-houses—to defend, in a word, the lines of our rivals and enemies—to save from the consequences of their recklessness the very men who have assailed us—these are weighty cares!"

"And are you bound in honor to take this trouble in their behalf?"

"No, my lord, not in honor any more than in law, but bound by the debt we owe to that commercial community by whose confidence we have acquired fortune. My position at the head of the great industrial movement in this country imposes upon me the great responsibility that no injury should befall the republic."

While he thus held forth, and in a strain to which fervor had lent a sort of eloquence, a servant entered with another despatch.

"Oh! I trust this brings you better news," cried Lady Augusta, eagerly; and as he broke the envelope, he thanked her with a grateful look.

"Well," interposed she, anxiously, as he gazed at the lines without speaking—"well?"

"Just as I said," muttered Dunn, in a deep and suppressed voice—"a systematic plot—a deep-laid scheme against me."

"Is it still about the bank?" asked the earl, whose interest had been excited by the tenor of the recent conversation.

"Yes, my lord; they insist on making me out a bubble speculator—an adventurer—a Heaven knows what of duplicity and intrigue. But why do I talk of these people? If they render me no gratitude, they owe me none—my aims were higher and greater than ever they or their interests comprehended." From the haughty defiance of his tone, his voice fell suddenly to a low and quick key, as he said: "This message informs me that the demand upon the Ossory to-morrow will be a great concerted movement. Barnard, the man I myself returned last election for the borough, is to head it; he has canvassed the county for holders of our notes; and such is the panic, that the magistrates have sent for an increased force of police, and two additional companies of infantry. My man of business asks, 'What is to be done?'"

"And what is to be done?" asked the earl.

"Meet it, my lord. Meet the demand as our duty requires us."

There was a calm dignity in the manner Dunn spoke the words that had its full effect upon the earl and his daughter. They saw this "man of the people" display, in a moment of immense peril, an amount of cool courage that no dissimulation could have assumed. As they could, and did indeed say afterwards, when relating the incident, "We were sitting at the dessert, chatting away freely about one thing or another, when the confirmed diabolical arrived by telegraph that an organized attack was to be made against his credit by a run for gold. You should really have seen him," said Lady Augusta, "to form any idea of the splendid composure he manifested. The only thing like emotion he exhibited was a sort of haughty disdain, a proud pity, for men who should have thus required the great services he had been rendering to the country."

"I wish I knew of any way to be of service to you in this emergency, Dunn," said the earl, as they returned to the drawing-room. "I'm a capitalist, nor have I a round sum at my command."

"My dear lord," broke in Dunn, with much feeling, "of money I can command whatever amount I want. Baring, Hope, Rothschild, any of them would assist me with millions, if I needed them, to-morrow, which, happily, however, I do not. There is still a want which money cannot supply, but which, I am proud to say, I have no longer to fear. The kind sympathy of your lordship and Lady Augusta has laid me under an obligation."

Here Mr. Dunn's voice faltered; the earl grasped his hand with a generous clasp, and Lady Augusta carried her handkerchief to her eyes as she averted her head.

"What a pack of hypocrites!" cried our reader, in disgust. "No, no, no. There was a dash of reality through all this deceit. They were moved—their own emotions, the tones of their own voices, the workings of their own natures, had stirred some amount of honest sentiment in their hearts."

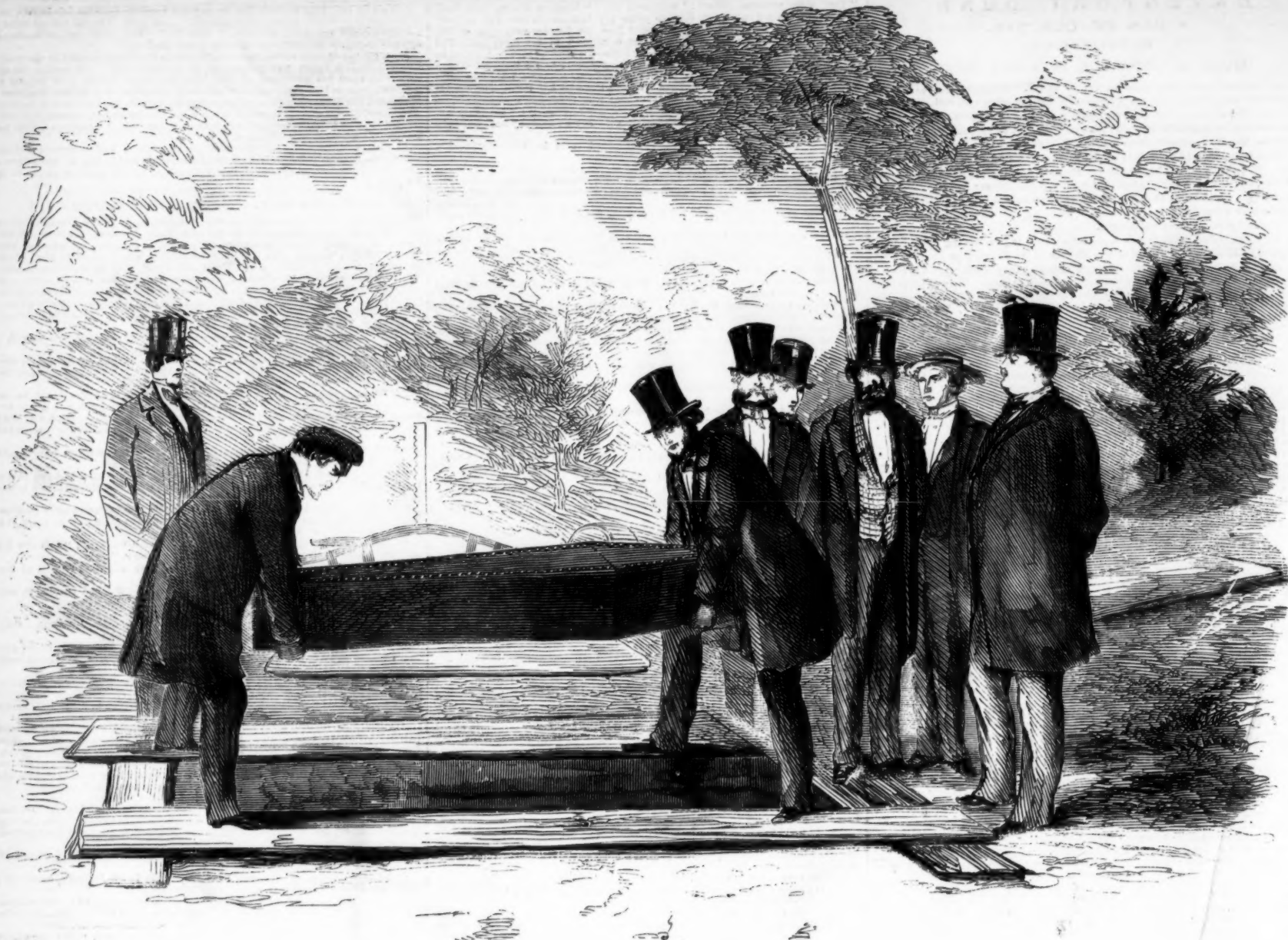
"You mean to go over to Kilkenny, then, to-morrow, Dunn?" asked his lordship, after a painful pause.

"Yes, my lord—my presence is indispensable."

"Will you allow Lady Augusta and myself to accompany you? I believe and trust that men like myself have not altogether lost the influence they once used to wield in this country, and I am vain enough to imagine I may be useful."

"Oh, my lord, this overwhelms me!" said Dunn, and covered his eyes with his hand.

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DISINTERMENT OF MONROE'S REMAINS—RAISING THE COFFIN FROM THE VAULT.

DISINTERMENT OF MONROE'S REMAINS.

THE moment chosen for removing the remains of the venerated President from the vault in which they have so long reposed was that of early dawn on Friday, the 2d inst., in order to avoid the assemblage of a miscellaneous crowd. The morning was cloudlessly serene, and the sun's earliest rays had but just gilded the frathery and delicate green of the foliage in the Second street cemetery, when the few gentlemen who had been put in possession of the hour appointed were assembled about the opened vault. Scarcely more than a score in all were present, among whom we observed Col. James Monroe, nephew and namesake of the President, Col. Munford and O. J. Wise, Esq., the Virginia Committee, J. H. Thompson, Esq., Editor of the *Southern Literary Messenger*, Gen. Wheat, and other gentlemen of note. The coffin, having been removed from the vault, was raised by means of a rope to the surface of the ground, and immediately deposited in the coffin, or casket, prepared for its reception. It was of mahogany, in excellent preservation, and apparently not heavy. The lid of the magnificent casket having been screwed down, and a covering of gray cloth thrown over it, it was at once removed to a hearse in waiting at the gate of the cemetery, and driven off to the Church of the Annunciation, in Fourteenth street, where it remained open to inspection during the day. The proceedings were entirely informal, and by half-past five o'clock the cemetery was left again to its accustomed solitude, to the custody of the wrinkled sexton, and the enjoyment of the gorgeous peafowl who so flauntingly

parade about the dwellings of the dead. As we left the spot the old sexton followed us with complaints that, although he had seen James Monroe buried and disinterred, no one in the group assembled to receive his mouldered remains thought Peter Mist deserving a *douceur*! A dollar, he thought, is better far than a dead President to him.

The Funeral Procession.

At four o'clock on Friday afternoon the church bells commenced tolling throughout New York. At the same hour the funeral procession was formed in Fourteenth street, according to arrangement, and Broadway was cleared of vehicles. The sidewalks and windows were thronged with spectators. A denser crowd, indeed, has seldom been assembled in Broadway, thousands of the curious having flocked in from the neighborhood to witness the display. Their expectations, however, based on a column advertisement in the principal newspapers, were doomed to disappointment. The procession was indeed "conducted with Republican simplicity," and the advertisement, we are informed, represented it only as it might have been, and not as it really was. The van was led by a squad of policemen, whose marching was most soldierlike, and who were followed by a numerous band performing a solemn funeral march. These were succeeded by the Seventy-first Regiment, under command of Col. Vosburgh, detachments from other regiments, a troop of cavalry in hussar uniform, and six field pieces, with limbers attached. The Eighth Regiment followed, with arms reversed, as the duty of acting as especial guard of honor during the day had devolved upon them. In immediate succession marched a troop of cavalry, dismounted and leading their horses, under command of Capt. J. M. Varian. They marched in single file, leaving the middle of the street unoccupied, save by the hearse, through the glazed sides of which the coffin, partly covered with the stars and stripes, was visible. The vehicle was drawn by six gray horses, which were led by as many colored men in rusty black. After the hearse came a long line of open carriages, eleven in number, containing the pallbearers, with the exception of Gen. Winfield Scott, who was not present. Among the pallbearers were Peter Cooper, Anthony Tiemann, General J. Watson Webb, John Kelly, M. C., Augustus Schell, Major Hill, U.S.A., and some twenty-five other gentlemen. A procession of Virginians, or descendants of natives of Virginia, succeeded, walking arm-in-arm, and they were followed by a number of veterans, whose trembling steps were supported by canes and umbrellas, and by a throng of minor officials in hack carriages. The procession slowly defiled down Broadway, occupying a little more than a quarter of an hour in passing, and on reaching the City Hall was drawn up in a hollow square, while the hearse halted before the staircase. The coffin was then removed to the Governor's room, where it was deposited upon two chairs, and surrounded by the pallbearers of the occasion. The ceremonies were then concluded, the members of the procession dispersed or fell into conversation, and the Governor's room was gradually vacated, Company C. of the Eighth Regiment being left as a guard of honor through the night.

Minute guns were fired from different spots

during the march of the procession down Broadway and around the Park.

It was very generally remarked that greater numbers and solemnity were observed at the funeral of the late William Poole than on this occasion. After a lapse of twenty-seven years, however, it becomes difficult, if not impossible, to awaken feeling or respect in the minds of a new generation, even when it is the dust of a famous President that they follow or gaze upon.

THE HOUSE OF PRESIDENT MONROE.

As is well known, the last few months of Monroe's life were spent with the family of his daughter, married to Mr. Samuel L. Gouverneur, in New York. The spot where he resided and expired was the house now standing on the north-west corner of Prince and Marion streets, which is owned at present by the heirs of F. Ferguson. The neighborhood, though now sunk in reputation, was once exceedingly fashionable, and considered very far "up town." Twenty years ago the dwellings were occupied by the families of Bishop Hobart, Mr. Simpson, the widow of General Hamilton, and other individuals of note. The house adjoining that in which the President expired is owned and occupied by John Contoit, Esq., the celebrated pioneer in the business of furnishing ice cream to the public, in which he has amassed a fortune of at least a million of dollars.

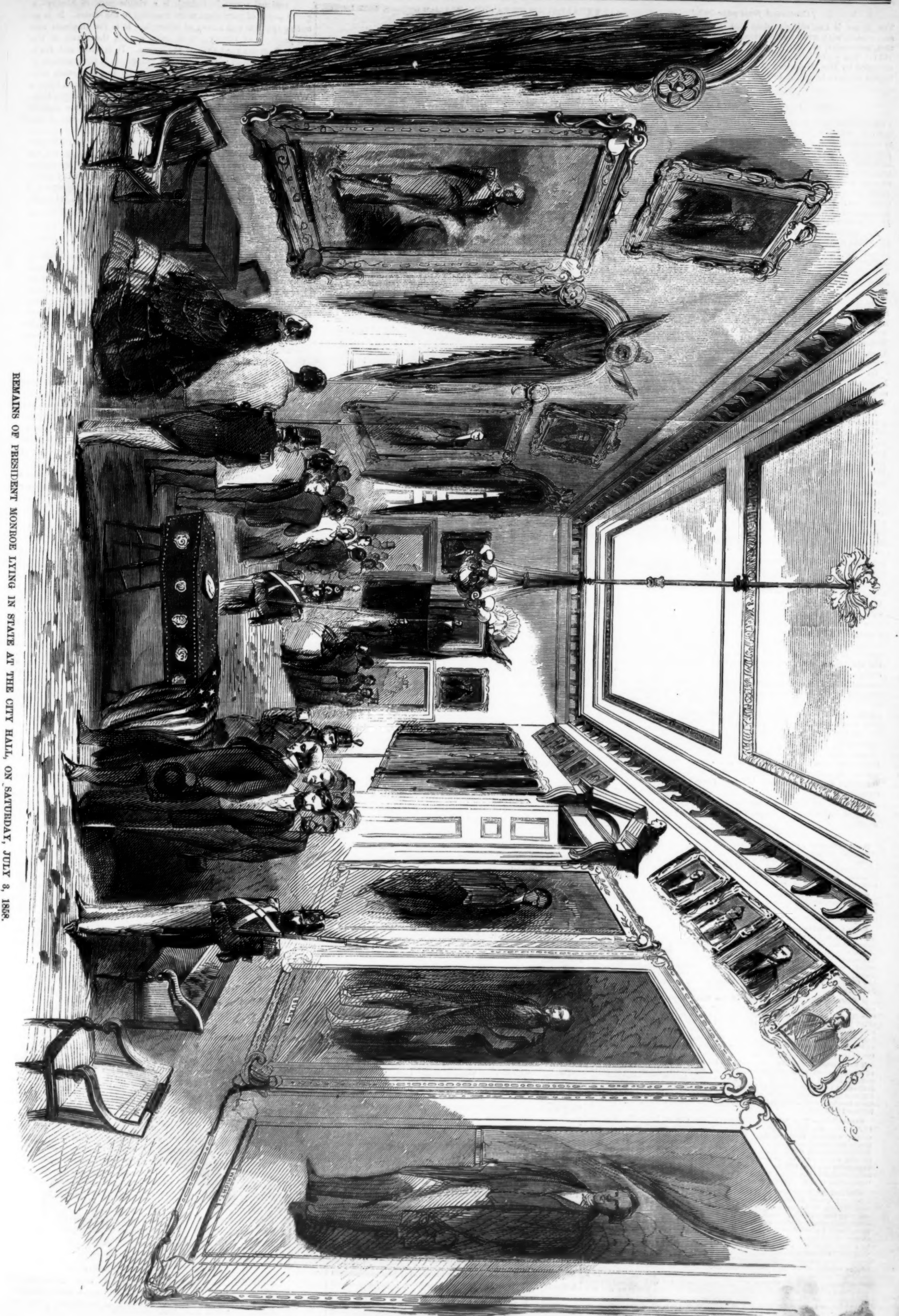
(Continued on page 104.)



THE HOUSE IN WHICH PRESIDENT MONROE DIED, SITUATED ON THE NORTH-WEST CORNER OF PRINCE AND MARION STREETS, N. Y.



PORTRAIT OF THE HON. JOHN COCHRANE, M. C.



REMAINS OF PRESIDENT MONROE LYING IN STATE AT THE CITY HALL, ON SATURDAY, JULY 8, 1858.

(Continued from page 102.)

The house is exceedingly plain but substantial in appearance, and stands, with trifling exceptions, in precisely the same condition, externally, as that in which it might have been seen in 1831. Ten years later, and for many years subsequently, it was occupied by Mrs. Hamilton. The gardens which were once attached to these houses have now, however, disappeared.

HON. JOHN COCHRANE, M.C.

THIS indefatigable member of the House of Representatives was born at Palatine Church, Montgomery county, New York, and is now somewhat more than forty years of age. At a very early period Mr. Cochrane manifested a liking for the law, and he was admitted to the profession at the age of twenty-one. His practice was attended with much success, and his distinction and reputation as a county lawyer became speedily such as to induce, in 1846, his removal to the city of New York. Here Mr. Cochrane added steadily to the distinction attendant upon his name, and his practice at the bar grew both extensive and highly lucrative. He was soon spoken of as a rising man.

Always possessed of a penchant for politics, Mr. Cochrane soon identified himself with the great Democratic party, of which he joined the section known in this State as the "Barnburners" section, although latterly his opinions have coincided with those of the Union branch. This was in 1848. In 1850 Mr. Cochrane came forward as a candidate for Congress, but his aspirations were temporarily doomed to defeat.

On the accession of Franklin Pierce in 1853, he was appointed Surveyor of the Port of New York, in which responsible office he continued until the close of the Administration. His duties were naturally arduous, the secret workings of the heads of the Democratic party being confided to him for execution in New York. At the same time the mercantile interests of the port were not neglected.

In 1856 he was delegated to the Cincinnati Convention, where he successfully supported Franklin Pierce, Stephen A. Douglas and James Buchanan. The wisdom of Mr. Cochrane's choice was manifest in the election of the latter statesman.

In the same year he was elected by a large majority as representative in Congress for the Eleventh, Fifteenth and Seventeenth Wards, and his course in the federal councils has won him the highest approbation. As Chairman of the Committee on Commerce, perhaps the most important in the House, and of the Democratic caucus, he has had opportunities, which have not been neglected, of displaying those painstaking qualities for which he is renowned.

Mr. Cochrane does not frequently address the House, but when he speaks he is always listened to with marked attention, and his words, usually well weighed and chosen, seldom fail in producing a powerful impression. If slightly too impassioned for "Parliamentary oratory," Mr. Cochrane's style is certainly forcible to a high degree. On the adjournment of Congress and his return to New York a week or two since, Mr. Cochrane was saluted by his constituents with a serenade.

THE LYING IN STATE.

WE have mentioned elsewhere the deposition of President Monroe's remains in the Governor's room at the City Hall. Here they were left during Friday night, under the guardianship of a detachment from the Eighth Regiment, who were appointed to the high distinction of acting as a guard of honor on the occasion. At a very early hour in the morning visitors assembled in the apartment, and grouped themselves silently about the stately coffin which contained all that was mortal of the celebrated statesman. The spacious and elegant Governor's room is well adapted for the purpose to which it was applied in this case, and its style of furniture and ornament harmonised well with the spirit of the scene. Paintings by our most celebrated artists look down from the walls—Trumbull's hand, and Inman's and Vanderlyn's are displayed in the portraits of soldiers and statesmen, Presidents and Generals, Governors and Mayors. Washington—Monroe himself—Taylor, Scott, Perry, Decatur—these and many others live on the canvas that decorates the walls. A more fitting place, indeed, than this treasure-house of venerated lineaments could scarcely have been selected for the temporary resting-place of the dust of Monroe, and here we stood beside the funeral magnificence of his coffin, amid a silent group of beholders, to muse upon the greatness of his former worth.

Body Picked up in the Stream.—A boat's crew of the Harbor police Wednesday morning discovered the body of a man floating in the water of the Battery. The deceased was dressed in black pants and a black alpaca coat, and from papers found in his possession is believed to be William Robertson, of Hoboken, who fell from a ferry boat at the foot of Barclay street. A pocket-book, containing nearly \$20, and a watch was found upon him.

Ferry Boat Accident.—A man named John Barra, on Wednesday evening, in attempting to jump on to a Barclay street ferry boat after it had left the bridge, fell into the water and was drowned. The body was recovered about an hour after the accident.

Naval Cruelty.—We hear on all hands of the cruelty of the lower class of our army and navy officials. In a California paper we read that a sailor named Henry Frost, who was on board the U.S. sloop-of-war St. Mary's, was so ill-treated early in April that he died from the effects. The official murderer was named Kehoe, a corporal of marines. The name has a foreign and savage sound, which encourages the hope that he is not an American. Will our friend, Secretary Floyd, look into this matter, otherwise he will share the guilt. Our Californian friends should look after this wretch, and give him a taste of Jude Lynch.

A Kite at Sea.—Capt. Fisher, of the Black Eagle, a long way to the south-east of Hawaii, one day saw a kite, well up in the air, which was travelling off before the trade wind at a great rate. He was at first puzzled to think how it kept so steady, but as it passed the ship discovered that a good sized piece of wood was attached to the string, dragging in the water, kept the aerial voyager to her bearings. It, no doubt, came from Honolulu, and will, perhaps—weather permitting—astonish the inhabitants of some lone isle of the ocean by its apparition.

The Great Secret.—A famous horse-doctor has discovered Rarey's secret of taming horses, managers, actors and other wild beasts. He authorises us to communicate it to the world. It is a play written by the Phantom, a tar, or Half-moon Club, the authors of "The Poor of New York." The mere sight of the manuscript possesses such stultifying properties that the creature operated upon becomes, ever after, the most submissive of animals. We charge nothing for this revelation.

Statistics.—The total indebtedness of the city of Louisville, Ky., is \$3,301,000. The claims assets of \$4,015,703, of which \$1,055,703 is in real estate, wharves, markets, &c.; \$185,000 in gas stock; \$525,000 in first mortgages in two railroads; \$1,600,000 in stock of two other railroads; \$550,000 in water company stock. She has a sinking fund created by her new charter in 1851, which receives the income from licenses, market-houses and wharves, amounting to about \$95,000 per annum, and which, it is stated, will afford ample means to pay all the bonds of the city as they fall due. The assessed value of the taxable property for 1857 was \$53,625,664.

Buried Alive.—The New York Times contained, on July 21, an advertisement of a quack medicine which, among other endorsements, had a letter from the wife of a person employed in the Third avenue, who testified to recovering her health and strength in that *key brand*; hop, skip and jump style which only quack doctors can boast. The most curious part is an extract from another voucher of a friend of this ridiculously cured lady, which runs thus: "In confirmation of this I felt satisfied to state, and will prove it to be a fact, that Mr. D. A., according to his own statement, had contracted with the undertaker for her interment, as no alternative seemed left but the grave. This last act must convince the public, and particularly the sceptical, of the efficacy of Dr. D.'s preparations, even when the lamp of life is flickering." It strikes us that contracting with an undertaker for the burial of a living person has a slight taste of the premature in it. Will the undertaker oblige us with a copy of the contract, and inform us if he means to sue the disappointed husband for his wife's refusing to fulfil her share of the agreement? Also, is the coffin still for sale? If so, Greenwood of the Museum—not Cemetery—will buy it!

WALLACK'S THEATRE.—WILLIAM STUART, SOLE LESSEE.

EVERY EVENING THIS WEEK.
MR. AND MRS. W. J. FLORENCE.
In their celebrated characters.
Supported by all the eminent artists attached to this establishment.
Doors open at seven; performance commences at half past seven.
Dress Circle and Parquette, 50 cents; Family Circle, 25 cents; Orchestra Chairs, 10.

BARNUM'S AMERICAN MUSEUM.—An entirely original Moral Drama.

Engagement of the accomplished and versatile
Mrs. KATE DENIN RYAN.
In JESSIE WHARTON; or, THE TRAITOR'S DAUGHTER.
Every Evening at 7½ o'clock, and every Wednesday and Saturday Afternoon at 3 o'clock.
Also, the GRAND AQUARIA, or Ocean and River Gardens; Living Serpents, Happy Family, &c. &c.
Admission, 25 cents; Children under ten, 15 cents.

WOOD'S BUILDINGS, 561 AND 563 BROADWAY, NEAR PRINCE STREET.

Proprietor.....Henry Wood.
THE GREATEST ETHIOPIAN COMEDIANS IN THE WORLD!
BROWER, BUDWORTH, FOX and WHITE.
Stage Manager.....Sylvester Blocker.
Treasurer.....L. M. Winans.
Tickets 25 cents, to all parts of the house. Doors open at 8; to commence at 7½ o'clock precisely.

PALACE GARDEN.

On Fourteenth street and Sixth avenue.
This Extensive and Magnificent Garden IS NOW OPEN to Visitors Day and Evening.

GRAND CONCERTS, PROMENADE D'ETE.

Will be given on every
TUESDAY AND SATURDAY EVENING.

The Orchestra will be under the experienced Direction of the celebrated Composer and Conductor,
MR. THOMAS BAKER.

Formerly Leader of Julien's renowned Band and Conductor at Laura Keane's Theatre and Niblo's Garden.

The Charge of Admission on Concert Nights will be 25 cents. Refreshments not included; but on other Nights, 15 cents will be charged at the Gates, for which Tickets will be given, redeemable in Refreshments. Family Season Tickets, \$10.

THE ICE CREAMS AND ICES.
Made from the original Recipe of Mr. Condit's celebrated Cream, will be composed of the purest materials, the Milk and Cream being procured direct from Farmers, who have contracted to supply the demand.

Every attached to this Garden will have his specific duties to fulfil, and visitors will greatly oblige the Proprietors if they will report any dereliction on the part of Cashiers, Clerks, Guards, Heads of Departments, Waiters, &c.
DE FOREST & HSDALE, Proprietors.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

NEW YORK, JULY 17, 1858.

Notice.

We contemplated publishing in this number a splendid engraving of the officers of the Eighth Regiment, but we were unable to complete it in time. It will, however, appear in our next. The illustration of our noble citizen soldiery is a grateful task, and the Eighth Regiment is especially deserving of the compliment.

President Monroe—The Seventh Regiment.

In this number we commence our series of illustrations of the ceremonies attending the removal of the remains of James Monroe, President of the United States, from the Second street Cemetery, New York, to Richmond, Virginia. Our illustrations comprise the Removal of the Body from the Cemetery, views of the Interior of the Cemetery, the Coffin of State, Lying in State at the City Hall, the Steamship Jamestown conveying the Remains from New York, and the House in which President Monroe Died.

Our artist having accepted the invitation of the members of the Seventh Regiment to accompany them on their trip to Richmond, has been enabled to sketch the whole progress, and has furnished us with a splendid series of original sketches of incidents on the voyage, and the imposing ceremonies on the landing of the body and its final commitment to the earth. These sketches will appear in our next number.

Our Exposure of the Swill Milk Trade.

WE purpose giving breathing time to the righteous, amiable and trustworthy Aldermen and Councilmen, Tuomey, Tucker, Reed and Cross. This unholy brotherhood, combined for the purpose of whitewashing corruption, have hardly recovered from the effects of our mild castigation of last week; we will therefore, in consideration of the extreme heat of the weather, give them this week a partial rest, advising them to reflect upon the degraded position they occupy before the community, and to strive, by a speedy and radical reform, to struggle back within the pale of decent society, that honest men may not be ashamed to say they have known them.

The discussion of the Swill Milk Committee reports (majority and minority) will come up before the Board of Health this week, and the result is a subject of much speculation. It will be a test question with those men who form the Board as to honesty and fitness for office. Our respectable citizens will watch the vote, and we be to those who advocate the continuation of an abomination that not only corrupts the air, but poisons the life blood of innocent children. There will be a mark placed against their names that will bar them out from office for ever. They will be branded as corrupt and faithless stewards; their trusts shall be taken from them, and their names become by-words of contempt and execration in the mouths of true men.

The evidence now published bears entirely against the swill milk interests. With such printed facts staring them in the face, they cannot decide in favor of continuing the nuisance, unless they are themselves forsworn and callous to every sense of honor, justice and humanity.

National Obsequies.

THE sentiment of a people is its saving salt, alone preserving it from corruption. When virtuous or heroic deeds cease to stir the public heart, the nation is hopelessly depraved or effete. One of the most striking instances of this national chivalry is the respect paid to the memory of those who have deserved well of their country.

A certain amount of suspicion must ever attach to the motives of those who pay honors to eminent living men, since they have it in their power to reward the friendly flatterers; but no such dishonoring thought can attach to the tribute given to departed worth. The bounds have been passed of human interest and selfishness, and with the bare possibility of a little personal display, the men engaged in the solemn task may be considered, for that time at least, as the disciples of public virtue.

A national spectacle, indeed, is a visible page of history—a grand lesson of patriotism made manifest to the senses. It is at once a requiem and a song of triumph. It is the emphasis and the prophecy of history. It at once records the heroic of the past and creates the heroic of the future. It is seed and fruit. It honors the dead and inspires the living. It is the cenotaph of great deeds and the cradle of others. Of the thousands who gaze in silent awe on the obsequies of a Washington, a Clay, a Webster, or of any great man, there is probably no bosom, however debased, whose latent good is not stirred to some signs of life, some yearnings for amendment, some resolve to earn a like distinction, or some elevation of moral sentiment.

To those who join in the solemnities, and whose patriotic conduct resembles the career of the dead, hero of the pageant, the spectacle is at once an incentive to continue the same honorable path, to receive at the fitting moment the emphatic seal of public homage; for though the spirit thus honored may be ignorant of the popular tribute paid to its ashes, yet it still lives in its family and friends, who thus derive the only consolation death has to bestow. As the poet says—

"Only the memory of the just
Smells sweet, and blossoms in the dust."

It is on this ground that we believe a nation honors itself by honoring the virtuous and the patriotic dead, and also the reason why we would have so solemn a custom not abused. On the late occasion we consider the tribute well deserved, since James Monroe was a soldier, a statesman, and an honest President, three distinctions seldom met now in the same man. We think, however, that the compliment of public posthumous heroes is equally due to eminence in art, literature and science, and that the world would be happier and better served if the living exponents of these elevating pursuits were more appreciated, and their dead martyrs more honored.

But perhaps all is for the best. The statesman and warrior require the pomp of processions and the pride of marble sepulchres to keep them before the public eye, while the poet, the musician, the philanthropist and the inventor create their own monuments, which will only pass away with the mind of man. Hamlet, Fidelio, and the electric telegraph will outlast the pyramids, and be as undimmed on the last day as when they came at the bidding of genius from the mysterious world of thought. These are monuments all can gaze on and honor, at the same time receiving from the contemplation and the homage an over payment of delight.

The Swill Milk Alderman, Tuomey, Threatens to Drown the Tribune Reporter.

IF ever a New York Alderman was a thorough-brad blackguard, Mike Tuomey is that Alderman and that blackguard. Whenever he has the opportunity of displaying his low groggery and rowdy Aldermanic manners he never fails to "come out strong." The presence of the dead is no security against the rampant rowdiness of our swill stable whitewashing Alderman, Mike Tuomey. We quote the following from the New York Daily Tribune of July 8—it needs no comment:

ALDERMAN TUOMEY AGAIN.—This amiable rum-selling Alderman was permitted, by virtue of his office, to disgrace the Monroe obsequies by his presence in the procession, and he took occasion to let his propensities have full swing. While the remains of the dead President were being transferred to the steamer Jamestown, and other heads were uncovered, and other hearts were awed by the solemnity of the scene, Alderman Michael Tuomey, his face flushed to even a redder hue than on every-day occasions by the excitement of his pursuit, or by bountiful potations of Irish whiskey from his own bar, was seen eagerly rushing here and there through the crowd inquiring for a Tribune reporter. Approaching a gentleman connected with another journal, Tuomey excitedly asked, "Is the Tribune reporter on board the Jamestown?"

GENTLEMAN OF THE PRESS.—I have not seen him. What is the serious trouble?

TUOMEY.—If I catch a Tribune reporter I'll throw him overboard. God damn him!

This was at a funeral, where men with hearts and brains were silent as they stood about the corpse of one of their country's great men; and the solemnity of the occasion was marred only by the blackguard indifference of the rum-selling Alderman of the Sixth district.

Ferry Murders.

IN our local items we have recorded another of those fatal accidents which disgrace our public monopolies, and which so painfully prove that the proprietors and managers prefer the sacrifice of human life to the outlay of a few dollars. The death of the person who was drowned at the Barclay street side of the Hoboken ferry on Wednesday evening, in broad daylight, without any effort being made by the employees at the moment to save him, is greatly attributable to the manner in which things are conducted at that ferry.

It is idle of the managers to say that it is the fault of the persons who jump after the receding boat—they ought not to be suffered to pass till the boat has put off, or, if they are once admitted, the boat ought to wait till they came on board—five seconds would carry out this plan. Nothing would be easier than to place a gate at the entrance to the pay-office, to be closed a few seconds before the boat started and opened when the boat left the slip. This, however, would probably involve the cost of a couple of dollars, which, of course, weighs heavier in a millionaire's pocket than a man's life upon his soul.

It is not long since that the bridge of this ferry on the Jersey side broke down one Sunday, and it was only through a miracle that hundreds were not drowned. We repeat that it is absurd to say it is the people's fault, since they will crowd on the bridge. The bridge should be made strong enough to bear the weight of any number of human beings that can get upon it, otherwise it is a snare which partakes of the character of constructive murder. What would be said of the stage-driver who excused the breaking-down of his vehicle by saying that it was not his fault, but occasioned by the stage being full? It was intended to be full, and if any evil resulted the proprietors were justly liable for the damages.

The inhabitants of these places owe it to themselves to see that more attention is paid by the managers of these public companies to the convenience and safety of the public.

A Spanish Protector.

THE Gallic cock is crowing very loudly over the application made by Spain to France, to assume the position which England, from sheer disgust at the treacherous, cowardly and lying con-

dict of the Spanish Government, has abandoned, namely, that of preserving Cuba from the grasp of the United States. The declaration of the *Moniteur*, that his Imperial Majesty would guarantee the possession of Cuba to Spain, is a mere idle bravado. Who would guarantee to the imperial guarantee the power he holds in France from one hour to another?

A war with the United States would be the most perilous war Napoleon could wage. It has not one popular element in it. Indeed, it is filled with unpopular ones! Independent of the fact that no glory could be won in a conflict where the rival armies never could meet, without France could send a million of men across the Atlantic, for any lesser number would be eaten up by the Jersey mosquitoes; the bare announcement would bring on a revolution, since it would be considered by the people of France as fighting the battles of England!

No war can be carried on successfully by any people if the heart is not in the struggle, and the first French frigate captured by an American—which would inevitably happen should they ever meet—would blow the Bonaparte dynasty to either *l'enfer* or *l'Angleterre*, places equally esteemed by the liberal-minded people of France as their only refuges in the day of trouble.

Editorial Gossip.

THE day we celebrate! Fizz—z—bang—pop—Hooray! Such were the feelings which animated the universal American nation on the 5th of July, for in consequence of the intervention of the Sabbath, the enthusiasm and crackers were postponed for one day, from the 4th to the 5th. The work-a-day world had two holidays, and when we entered the city on Tuesday morning we saw, or thought we saw, that the general face of our citizens was less clouded with care than usual. Two days' rest from the eternal pursuit after the Almighty dollar seemed to have made them feel that they were men with something to live for besides gain, and not mere machines to grind out gold.

The glorious Fourth is a sanctified day, and should ever be held as a public jubilee, although, to our minds, the manner of its celebration might be altered to advantage. At present it seems to be kept solely for the benefit of firework manufacturers, for not only does the entire population, including children in arms, lay out every cent of their available means in the purchase of combustible matters, but our reverend, gentle-souled, public-spirited, uncontaminated and incorruptible city fathers appropriate certain sums yearly for the same purpose. We do not object to help any particular branch of trade, but we do think that it is rather hard upon the Fourth of July to put its observance entirely into the hands of Edge & Co., worthy people though Edge & Co. may be.

Does the day bring with it no other reminiscences than the banging of small cannon or the fizzing of weak fireworks? Could nothing be conceived that would be more appropriate to honor the anniversary of our national birthday than the burning of indifferent powder? We think that something might be projected that would be worthy the character of our city and appropriate to the great national holiday. Suppose, for instance, the city officials would patriotically agree to devote one day's pickings and stealings for the purposes of the Fourth of July celebration. We suppose this, the most impossible of all things to be possible, for the sake of stating a case—we suppose then that the city officials devote the pickings and stealings of one day for the purpose mentioned, which would, we take it, be a pretty considerable sum, more than sufficient for all expenses. The appropriation made, the next thing to be considered is, how shall it be used? We suggest that the entire volunteer military force should be invited to parade, at the close of which a distinguished orator should deliver an address embodying a brief history of the past, a review of the present, and the promise of the future. The whole should conclude by the performance of an original poem, written by William Ross Wallace, set to some old and well-known air, so that the people and the people's soldiery could chant it *en masse*. Both the orator and the poet should be liberally paid by the city, and all the balance of the money should be devoted to fireworks and illumination. Let the intelligence of the people be first catered for, as a matter of self-respect, and also in homage of the patriotism, the fidelity and the intelligence of our forefathers, who left us this day as a memento of their self-sacrifices, for our honor and observance; and when that is done let us remember the amusement of the people. We have just received the following from a friend. The order of proceedings conveys, in some measure, our idea of a 4th of July celebration:

PATRIOTISM IN THE COUNTRY.—While cities yearly exhibit more cosmopolitan indifference to a national sentiment, the rural districts still display a fervent and spontaneous desire to celebrate any great epoch in a country's history. This is wholesome and praiseworthy. From the country, then, we must ever expect to receive a fresh supply of patriotism. Most of our great men are cradled among the hills and fields. When most of the influential people of our large towns deem it vulgar to be patriotic—when a celebration of the Fourth of July can pass over a city like New York so tamely as it has this year, with scarce a heartfelt cheer to denote the importance of the day of the year, in 1776, that gave to the world the Declaration of Independence—when this can be done in a great city like New York, the leading men of this metropolis have much to answer for such culpable indifference. If cities will become *blasé* to all love of country in their "artificial refinements," and cannot feel the forcible arguments that were advanced and so happily concluded in "times that tried men's souls," it becomes the duty of the press to record the unselfish patriotism of some of the smaller towns of our common country, to keep alive the necessary love of home there, at least. By the aid of a few public-spirited individuals, more particularly William Jay Barker, Esq., the small but growing town of Ridgewood, L. I., exhibited a degree of patriotism among its people that would have put the citizens of many of our large towns to the blush. This place is three and a half miles from Williamsburg, and has only a few hundred inhabitants; but they are up and doing when our glorious anniversary is at hand, as the following programme will show:

The programme consisted of a salute of thirty-three guns, fired at sunrise on the morning of Monday, and in subsequent exercises at Barker Hall and elsewhere. A prayer was offered up in the Hall at 2 P. M., the national anthem sung, the Declaration of Independence read, and an oration delivered by Mr. Barker. In the evening a laughable dialogue in action, entitled "The Secret, or the Jealous Wife," was enacted by several ladies and gentlemen of the neighborhood, and immediately afterwards a grand display of fireworks, including no less than twenty elaborate pieces, took place. At the conclusion of the pyrotechnic display a dance was held in the Hall.

Barker Hall, in which most of the above exercises were performed, was alive all day and night with the happy inhabitants of the town and surrounding country. The prayer was appropriate—the national anthem was sung with a fervor that was heartfelt—the Declaration of Independence was read impressively—the oration was really grand, and delivered with a discretionary emphasis which showed that the orator of the day had his soul in the matter—the farce was played better than any other amateur performance we have ever seen—so well that it astonished a few stray Gothamites—

the fireworks burst forth most beautifully against the sky of a lovely night, and the people cheered, not in set cheers, but spontaneously, feeling that it was no common event—the celebration of the "glorious Fourth" in Ridgewood. A few of the young folks danced deep into the morning of the sixth, seduced by the wizard effect of a band of colored musicians, whose music would make you dance. So ended a really spirited celebration of our nation's birthday.

When we consider that all the expense and trouble attending this celebration was borne by a few gentlemen, it would be wrong if we did not embalm such praiseworthy effort in print.

MAURICE STRAKOSCH has taken advantage of the dull season, and is now on his way to Europe, accompanied by his excellent and amiable wife. What his plans are we do not pretend to know, but we presume that he is on a flying journey in search for artistic novelties, for a grand concert tour in the fall. Maurice Strakosch's name stands so high both here and in Europe, that despite the advent of Barnum and Ullman in Paris and London, he will find no difficulty in procuring such vocal talent as he may desire. Rumor states that he intends organizing a company for the production of French opera. The idea is a good one, and if he can only procure a clever and pretty prima donna, and a competent and handsome tenor, the affair will undoubtedly be a great success.

SIGSMUND THALBERG, the greatest of all pianists, has also left for Europe with his wife. There has been a large amount of scandal floating about in reference to the great pianist, but as nothing is positively known, and as it is nobody's business, we advise our readers to believe only one tithe of the gossip and little talk that may reach them. Enough to say that Thalberg is gone, which to every musical lover is a source of regret.

CORRESPONDENCE FROM LONG BRANCH.

UNITED STATES HOTEL, July 7, 1858.

Editor of Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper:

I cannot refrain from writing you a short letter about this delightful summer watering-place. I heard a lady exclaim this morning at the breakfast-table, that she could not think how it was she had not found out Long Branch before. She had visited nearly all the celebrated watering-places along our coast; but none of them would compare with the Branch—with which opinion I entirely coincide.

I find a great improvement in the manner of reaching the Branch this year. A large and beautiful boat has been put on the route, which runs to the mouth of the river, and is there met by a smaller steamer (the *Leader*), which can cross the bar at almost any time of tide. After changing boats you now proceed to within one mile of the place, to a delightful spot called Pleasure Bay, where stages are always in readiness to bring visitors to their destination.

By the by, I must more particularly describe Pleasure Bay. It is situated at the head of the Shrewsbury river, and at the landing-place is a small refreshment saloon, embedded in the woods, where, in addition to all good things eatable and drinkable, may be obtained tackle and bait for crabbing. Parties every day either walk through the woods or ride to this delightful spot, and take a sail, row in small boats, or go crabbing. The view from this spot is beautiful indeed, and what is better, Mr. Editor, you can get the Simon Pure unadulterated lactical fluid for ice cream. I was there rather early the other morning, and my hubby wanted a milk punch. The man asked him to wait a few minutes, which time we saw was occupied by a lad rowing over the river to a farm, and returning with the pure article just from the cow.

People seem to be wakening up to the fact this year that Long Branch is the place to come to for health and recreation, as our hotel, the United States, is now half full, which our worthy landlord, Mr. Crater, informs me is unprecedented for this early period in the season. The United States is a very pleasant hotel, being situated in the middle of a long line of other hotels, all facing the sea shore, and is excellently kept, which is rather an unusual fact. The rooms are large compared with many others, and all open out upon piazzas, even to the third floor, which I consider one of the most delightful features of the hotel, as a more extensive view can be obtained of the sea.

We had a remarkably pleasant day here on the fifth—very different from what you, Mr. Editor, experienced, I fear, in New York. My hubby, with a number of others, were off at three o'clock in the morning, to go off to sea with the fishermen who catch fish for our hotel every day. They go out some five or six miles, and yesterday I observed as many as thirty small fishing-boats away out at sea, with their little white sails, which were scarcely discernible in the distance.

As they returned, about nine o'clock, I watched them landing through the surf, which was a very interesting sight. As soon as they neared the surf they took their sails down and rowed hard for the shore, watching when a large roller was approaching, which would carry them high up the beach, on touching which they jumped out, and with the assistance of their neighbors, hauled their boats up to the edge of the cliff.

We were much delighted on the eve of Independence Day by a beautiful display of fireworks, which, as a slip of paper posted up on our hotel door by the landlord informed us, were the gift of Frank Leslie. Mr. Crater sent invitations to the guests of the different hotels to come and see the display, and we therefore had the grounds crowded with visitors. The display was something unusual for a watering-place. It took four gentlemen nearly an hour to let them off in rapid succession. It was concluded by the exhibition of three large set pieces, the middle one of which had the figures "1776" in its centre. After they closed nine cheers were given for Frank Leslie—I understand they were got up expressly, by the celebrated "Edge," for the occasion—and the first hop of the season commenced. These entertainments are very different to what usually take place at fashionable retreats; they are sociable reunions, not so much fuss and feather, but a great deal more enjoyable. The ladies here, if they intend to "kill," intend accomplishing that dreadful crime more by their simple charms than by their extremely fashionable attire.

As I am afraid you will think me a horrid little bore—but as the letter comes from a lady you cannot refuse to insert it—I shall conclude, and go and take a delightful bath, to do which, from where I write, I have only to cross the grass sward from our house, which runs to the very verge of the cliff, some hundred feet, at the foot of which the bath-houses are situated. The bathing here is excellent, and is under the charge of a very reliable man.

Good-bye! I shall write you again soon if you wish.

HETTY PARABLE.

P.S.—Just as I was concluding my letter, a stage drove up to the door, and what do you suppose got into it? Actually six crinolines! Guess how much room was left for the driver.

[We shall be happy to hear from our fair correspondent as often as she feels the writing spell upon her.—ED. FRANK LESLIE'S.]

LITERATURE.

SPECIMENS OF DOUGLAS JERROLD'S WIT. Arranged by his Son, BLANCHARD JERROLD. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

This collection, beside specimens of the wit of the justly celebrated Douglas Jerrold, comprises selections chiefly from his contributions to journals, and the whole is intended to illustrate his opinions. In dipping into this book we find on every page some brilliant flash of wit, some sparkling repartee, or some terse, can-tic or bitter paragraph which have helped to give spice to a thousand journals during many years past. They have travelled over the world, until their source had become forgotten, their parentage unknown, and they had become the world's property, common to all, but exclusive to none. By means of this pleasant and amusing volume their source is traced, and their parentage acknowledged.

Blanchard Jerrold could hardly have imagined a more appropriate offering to the memory of his dead father. There is no danger that the larger works of Douglas Jerrold will be claimed by any other man; but the brief, thoughtful sayings, now for the first time collected from a hundred scattered works, containing more pith, earnestness, observation, and broad sympathy with man, than can be found in a score of works of modern paternity, could have been claimed by any tom-noddy, but for the praiseworthy, affectionate care of his son.

We are sorely tempted to make some selections from this volume, but we have no faith in specimen books. Samples are very useful in their way, but as what might be our choice could hardly be expected to be acceptable to all, we prefer to commend the whole book warmly to our readers, being well

assured that the "Specimens of Douglas Jerrold's Wit" will prove a welcome addition to every library, and afford hours of amusement to all who can appreciate keen wit, cutting irony and tangible hits upon the foibles of classes, and the abuses of forms and established social evils. To these—and they form a large community—we commend this capital volume, promising that it is brought out in the usual excellent style which distinguishes all of Ticknor & Fields' publications.

AQUARELLES; OR, SUMMER SKETCHES. By SAMUEL SOMMER. New York: Stanford & Delisser, 508, Broadway.

This is an elegantly got up little volume of fashionable verses upon fashionable follies. It lashes the vices which spring from the struggle to eclipse your neighbor, exposes the rouse and French chalk which disguise the shrivelled cheek of the idol which fashion has set up and bows down to in abject worship, in tolerably smooth verses made of very strong language. The author is very severe, and tears away the mask from familiar things with a very rough hand. He is by no means delicate, he did not remember that fashion is a very sensitive and fastidious institution, and can only bear being handled with fawn-colored gloves.

The subject is discussed first at Saratoga, next at Newport, and lastly at Sharon Springs. Judging from internal evidences to be gleaned from the work, the author has never been a votary at the altar of Hymen, so that if our fair friends have any curiosity to know what a crusty, confirmed old bachelor pretends to know about their little ways, their disguises and innocent man-snares, we advise them to purchase and peruse "Aquarelles," and judge of the photographs he has dared to put upon paper. The book contains several clever illustrations, and is very elegantly brought out by Stanford & Delisser.

A POOR FELLOW. By the Author of "Which; the Right or the Left?" New York: Dick & Fitzgerald.

This is a novel of considerable interest, being of a religious character, combined with striking scenes of a worldly nature. It exemplifies the practical value of religious principles, and its illustrations are forcible and unmistakable. The many characters in the book are all cleverly, and some are powerfully, drawn, exhibiting good power of observation and much facility of description. The work will meet with a large circle of readers, for it is rarely that we find a great moral principle so pleasantly conveyed as in "A Poor Fellow." It is well brought out by Messrs. Dick & Fitzgerald.

MUSIC.

PROMENADE CONCERTS. ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—A series of brilliant promenade concerts commenced at this establishment on Monday last, under the superintendence of Mr. Goache, Mr. Ullman's agent. The parquette has been boarded over, so that the public can really promenade, and otherwise enjoy themselves. A splendid orchestra has been organized, and under the direction of Anschutz and Musard, discourse the most lively and fascinating music. If there is any spirit left in the people they will support this seasonable and pleasant enterprise.

DRAMA.

NIBLO'S GARDEN.—Charlotte Cushman's farewell performance took place at this theatre on the evening of the 6th. She appeared in *Lady Macbeth*. To speak of her appearance in this, one of her most celebrated parts, would be superfluous; her genius is too universally acknowledged to need additional record. She was admirably supported, and received enthusiastic applause. Miss Cushman played but fourteen nights, on each of which the house has been filled, and in many cases crowded. She yielded, at the close of Tuesday night's performance, to the demands of the audience, and advanced before the curtain, led by Mr. E. L. Davenport. In a brief address she alluded to her intended departure for England on the following day, and recorded her positive intention of leaving the stage, unless fortune should prove adverse. She purposes remaining two years in England. Repeated rounds of applause rang through the house as the curtain shut Miss Cushman for the last time from the eyes of her American devotees.

On Wednesday night Niblo's was opened with a combination company, including Blake, Brougham, A. H. Davenport, and other well known actors. Comedies suited to the weather and the season have been produced, and the "only price system," viz., fifty cents a ticket, without reserved seats, has been adopted.

WALLACE'S.—Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Florence have been successful, as usual, here. Their engagement commenced on the 5th. Buckstone's farce, the "Irish Lion," with a new farce by Mr. Florence, and an adaptation of "The Good for Nothing," were given for Mr. Florence's benefit on Friday night, 7th inst.

BARNUM'S MUSEUM.—Miss E. Mestayer, who will be remembered with pleasure by many of the frequenters of the Museum, had a benefit here on Friday afternoon and evening. Several popular farces were presented.

WOOD'S BUILDINGS.—The sable minstrels of this retreat continue their vocal performances, and charm, even in this weather, the public into their presence. Fun—uproarious, outrageous, ebullient and not-to-be-equalled fun, is the potent attraction, besides which the Panorama of the Hudson River continues in its popularity.

EXPENSIVE VALOR.—A well-known colonel, who for years was connected with a newspaper, now defunct, and who engaged also an official position in the Navy Office, Brooklyn, in a speech he gave on his appointment, thus alluded to the Mexican war:

"Let me tell you that I too acted an humble part in that memorable contest. When the tocsin of war summoned the chivalry of the West to rally to the defence of the national honor, I, fellow-citizen, animated by that patriotic spirit that glows in every American bosom, hired a substitute for that war, and the bones of that man he bleaching on the plains of Mexico!"

The best of the joke is, that in the pocket of the alain substitute the gallant original's bill at six months was found; so that, poor fellow, he got killed for nothing—except to swell the military glory of another!

REPUBLICAN SIMPLICITY.—The following extract from a letter of our Nebraska correspondent, Judge C. F. Porter, Dacotah, Nebraska, throws Roman simplicity into the shade. We advise our citizens to send our friends Tuomey, Tucker and Reed, the swill-tail whitewashers, to Nebraska; they are evidently meant for Kneebracons:

"I have seen the Governor of the Territory walking gravely up the road toward his ten's, carrying a piece of stove-pipe under each arm; I have seen the Chief Justice cutting the turf for a chimney, and punching the oxen which were drawing logs to build his cabin; the Secretary of State splitting wood, and the United States Attorney and Marshal plastering the walls of their hut with mud. Yesterday I saw one United States Commissioner, stripped to the buff and riding on horseback, piloting a wagon through a ford across the South Platte, which he had discovered by wading, while the other Commissioner, having accomplished the passage, sat upon a corn-cob on the opposite bank, mending a rent in his pantaloons."

ROYAL MARRIAGE.—A double marriage has lately taken place in Constantinople. Wahmoud Pacha, a prince of Egypt, and Hami Pacha, have been united in holy wedlock to two daughters of the Sultan, whose names are Mungre Sultane and Djemile Sultane. The Sultan had to borrow a million of pounds sterling to buy his daughters' dresses, jewellery, &c. For this loan he had to pay forty per cent interest. The princesses are respectively aged seventeen and eighteen, and are considered quite equal to any Lights of the Harem sung by Moore the Irish Persian, or Hafis, the Persian Irishman, as Dr. Maginn called them, since they both excelled in singing Love and Toddy.

There has been a great commotion in Belgrade, a Turkish vessel attacked Mr. Foulbaque, the British Consul, and would have killed him had he not been prevented by some bystanders. He has been arrested, and will be tried for the outrage. His defence is that the Consul insulted him by spitting while he was talking to him. We advise no tobacco-chewing Yankee to accept a Turkish Consulate.

Sir Henry Bulwer is now on his way to Constantinople, in place of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe. It will be remembered that he was the British Minister at Washington, and negotiated the famous Bulwer-Clayton Treaty.

A MODEL WIFE.—Galignani gives a choice anecdote of a French wife, which we recommend to all American married ladies when they run in debt.

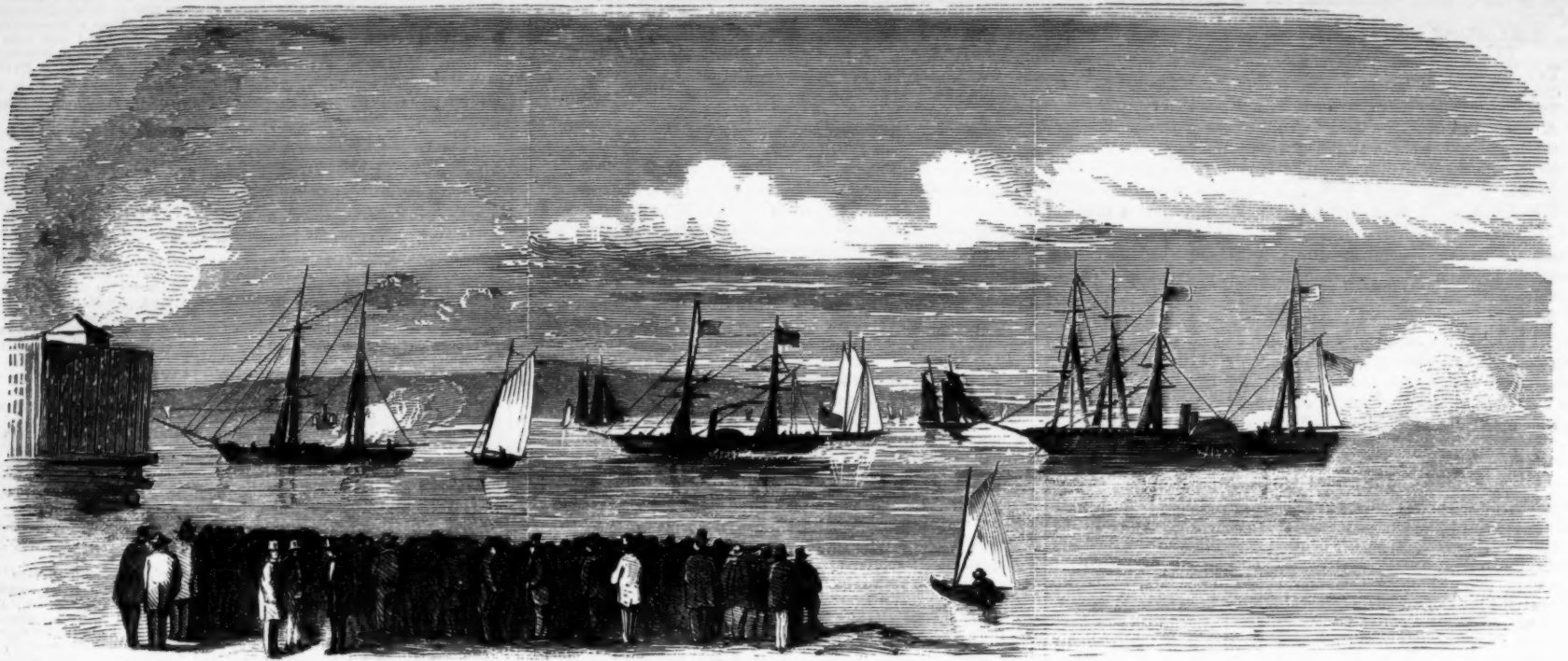
It appears the lady got terribly into her milliner's and jeweller's books, and unable to face the indignation of her husband, she absconded with the pomps and vanities of this wicked world, and rushed for ever into a convent. Here is her letter to her husband:

"MY DEAR,—Pray forgive me all the alarm I must have occasioned you. Twenty times I have been on the point of throwing myself at your feet, and revealing all, and every time the thought of your looks at such a disclosure has paralysed my purpose. It is only at a distance, and in the shadow of this sacred asylum, that I can have the courage to write what my lips dared not speak. Dear —, I deserve all your anger, all the reproaches you can heap upon me—any fault is irreparable—I owe six hundred thousand francs—I pity me! Do not come near me!"

"CONVENT OF THE SISTERS OF MERCY, May, 1858."

Most American husbands would be glad if their wives had a similarly religious turn of mind—it is not, however, necessary for them to owe the money!

CHIT CHAT.—The Hotel of the Rue Trudon, the property of Rachel, has been purchased by the city of Paris for the sum of 250,000 francs. As the street is to undergo some alterations, the house will soon be demolished. Alessandro Manzoni, son-in-law of Silvio Pellico, and author of "I Promessi Sposi," is lying dangerously ill in Milan. George Sand is not at least not just yet—going to retire into a convent. She has written a drama in prose, which she intends offering to M. La Rounel, the manager of the Odéon. The subject is taken from the history of Rome. Mr. Sumner has undergone the operation of cauterizing in Paris, of the spine, in order to produce counter-irritation. Several careful examinations were made, and they came to the conclusion that there was still congestion of the vertebrae of the spine, as well as other abnormal conditions. When the fact was announced to Mr. Sumner, and the exact process explained of burning the neck and back with iron at a white heat, he at once said, "Try it without delay—in any form—and to any extent." The operation was performed by Dr. Brown-Sequard, who wished Mr. Sumner to inhale chloroform. This he declined, and refusing all anodynes, went through the painful process without a word or a wink. It has been repeated since, and will be again for the fifth time.



SAILING OF THE JAMESTOWN FOR RICHMOND, JULY 3, WITH THE REMAINS OF PRESIDENT MONROE.

THE SHIPMENT OF THE REMAINS OF PRESIDENT MONROE.

At ten o'clock on Saturday morning the hearse which had been previously used in the procession was driven up to the City Hall, where a large crowd was already assembled in expectation of the impending removal. The Seventh Regiment, some five hundred strong, paraded about the same time in Lafayette place, where a considerable concourse was also assembled. The regimental colors and the drums were shrouded in crape. Colonel Duryea and Lieutenant-Colonel Lefferts were highly complimented on the creditable appearance of their men by Colonel Munford, Messrs. Peyton and Wise, and other Virginians who were present. Shortly after eleven o'clock the regiment marched in sections down Lafayette place, through Great Jones street into Broadway, which was lined with spectators, and proceeded to the City Hall. Here the crowd was vastly increased, but a detachment of the Eighth Regiment, formed in a double line, kept a pathway clear from the Governor's room to the hearse. The Mayor, Common Council, and the Virginia Committee assembled in the Governor's Room, where the coffin still remained.

After a brief delay, Mayor Tiemann came forward and made a few remarks appropriate to the occasion, at the close of which the undertaker, Mr. Wilson, set about the removal of the Presidential dust. The coffin was lifted by six bearers, and was followed to the hearse by the guard of honor, the committee, public functionaries, &c. On the appearance of the coffin on the staircase of the City Hall, arms were presented by the troops, the muffled drums were rolled, and many in the large assemblage of spectators uncovered their heads. All being ready, the regiment was formed in columns of companies, and commenced its march down Broadway to Liberty street, thence into West street, and to pier No. 13, where the steamship Jamestown was lying. The vessel was in mourning, having been freshly painted for the occasion, and black hangings were disposed about the quarter-deck. The neighborhood of the dock and pier was one sea of humanity. Pavements, windows,

housetops—even the roof of the pier itself—were crowded, the latter to such an extent that its destruction was apprehended. The Seventh Regiment was formed in double lines, the coffin was carried on board and placed upon a stand underneath an awning, and the guard of honor was faced about and marched off the dock. The Seventh Regiment then proceeded on board the Ericsson, which was lying at the foot of Beach street.

The remains having been safely deposited on board the Jamestown, addresses were delivered by Hon. John Cochrane and by Mr. O. J. Wise, after which those of the company who purposed remaining in New York left the vessel, the coffin was

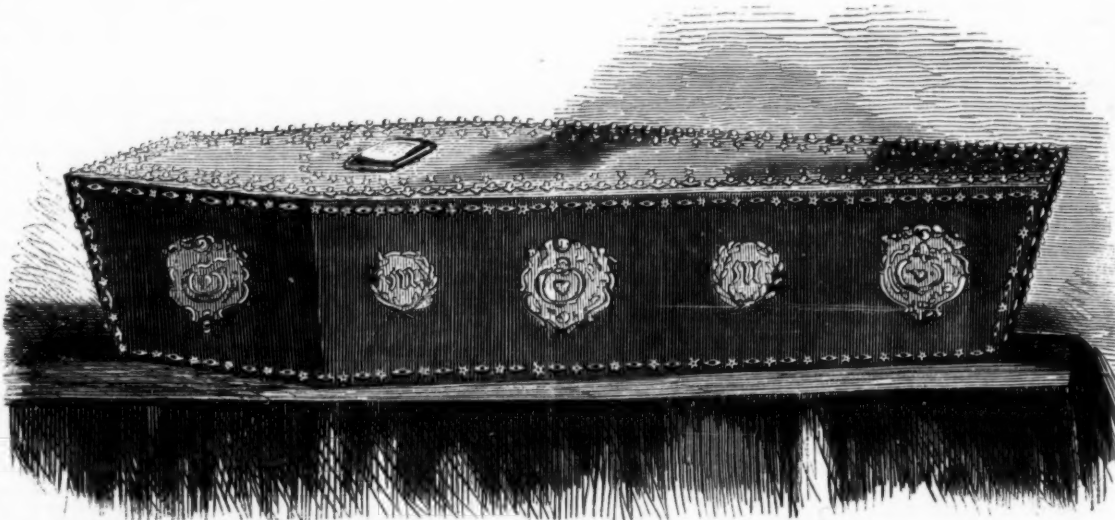
the sacred solitudes of paths, which stretch beneath shades unhallowed by human voice; here the mountains are plumed with nodding pines, swerving in the morning breezes; here the delicious trout, that weigh from five to twenty pounds, are found in great numbers, and of the finest quality; here music finds answering echoes from mountain peak to peak; and here they who seek pure enjoyment will find it to their hearts' content.

This lake and its vicinity has been the scene of several important battles. One, which has been generally known as the Battle of Lake George, was fought at the head of the lake in 1775, between the French, under the Baron Dieskau, and the English, under Sir Wm. Johnson. Dieskau attacked the English in their encampment, but was defeated and slain. The loss of the English was one hundred and thirty slain, and that of the French about seven hundred.

There are numerous routes of reaching Lake George from New York—the Hudson River Railroad; but the most comfortable for the summer tourist is the Isaac Newton and New World, which leave every evening for Albany at six p.m. These boats are magnificent. Upon arriving at Troy from Albany, you take the Rensselaer and Saratoga Railroad, which is always in time and which will take you to Moreau Corner. The stage meets you here, and the drive between this spot and Lake George is truly delightful, passing, as it does, through the most varied scenery.

We present our readers with a view of the Lake House at Lake George, which is kept by Major Field, late of the New York Hotel. It is situated close

to the lake, the rooms are commodious, the table is sumptuously furnished, the lawns are well trimmed, the walks smooth and serpentine, the shade trees numerous and well-arranged, while, at the docks, boats are always ready for the lovers of pictorial amusement. The beautiful steamer Minnehaha, Capt. Gale, passes constantly up and down the lake and carries visitors from Whitehall and Ticonderoga. The Fort William Henry, Mr. Gale, proprietor, is situated near the Lake House, and is admirably arranged.



COFFIN IN WHICH THE REMAINS OF MONROE WERE DEPOSITED

carried forward, and about four o'clock the Jamestown sailed. The Ericsson had preceded her.

Salutes were fired as both vessels passed down the bay, and the Cunard steamer Persia even repeated the compliment several times.

The passage to Richmond was very favorable, and the reception of the remains by the authorities and population most solemn. Our next will contain full accounts and graphic representations of the solemnities from our own artist, whom we despatched to Virginia for this purpose.

The Coffin of State.

This casket, inside which the original coffin is deposited, is lined on the interior with white silk, and outside with black cloth, profusely studded with silver ornaments. A row of alternate stars and lozenges lines the edges, and the sides are elaborately decorated with M.'s, wrought in silver. On the lid was fastened the original coffin-plate, with the simple inscription,

JAMES MONROE,
Of Virginia,
DIED JULY 4, 1831,
AGED 74 YEARS.

This is surmounted by thirteen stars, grouped in a double semi-circular line. It was visited by numbers of our citizens during the day, while it lay in the Church of the Annunciation.

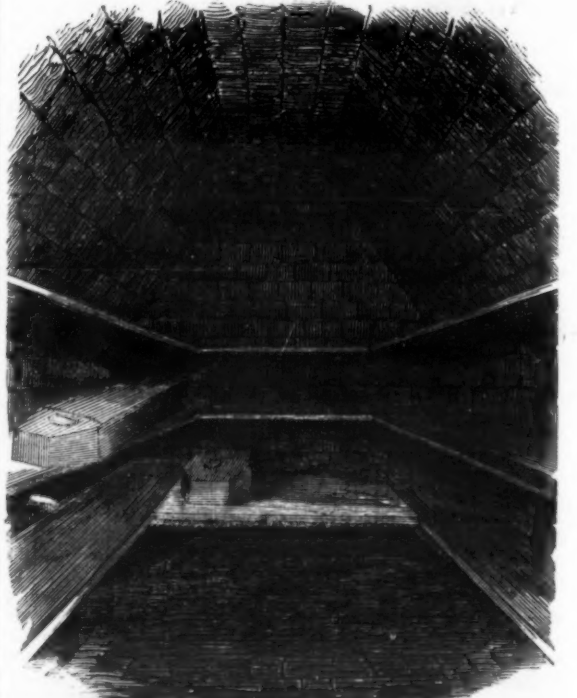
SUMMER WATERING-PLACES

No. 3.—Lake George.

SURROUNDED by a belt of mountains, Lake George sits a gem of beauty. Its waters are pure as crystal, and transparent as the air we breathe. The idler, floating on its surface, can clearly perceive, to the depth of from thirty to forty feet, the golden-tinted sand which lines its bottom. It stretches thirty-six miles in length, and two or three miles wide; its waters flow north into Lake Champlain. Throughout its whole extent it is gemmed with islands, romantic and picturesque in the serenity of their beauty. A few of them are small, and dot the waters like a floating emerald; others are larger, and their cultivated surface denotes civilization; while others are cold, solemn rocks, rising majestically and lofty before the view. In all our travels, we know of no spot where nature seems to hold her court supreme above all. The eye here is not pained by any evidences of commerce, nor does the sound of manufacturing call you back to scenes which you long to forget. There is no breath of air stirring on its bosom that does not bear the fragrance of health blossoms; there is no sunshine resting on its surface that does not come clear from Heaven, untainted by a poisonous atmosphere. Nature has concentrated all her wealth to adorn this spot. Here are combined



THE VAULT IN SECOND STREET CEMETERY. OUR ARTIST SKETCHING THE INTERIOR.



INTERIOR OF VAULT IN SECOND STREET CEMETERY. REPOSITORY OF MONROE'S REMAINS.

FIREWORKS ON THE FIFTH OF JULY.

The indispensable pyrotechnic display was not omitted in the Park on Independence evening. A vast crowd was, as usual, assembled, and chains were stretched in front of the City Hall to prevent too great a pressure around the operators. The display commenced about eight p.m. with Catherine wheels, pieces called the "Great Seal of Malta," the "Kaleidroscope," the "Cascade," &c. One design, representing the "Shield of our Union," was enthusiastically received. It commenced as a wheel of many-colored fires, which was suddenly transformed into a brilliant sheet of golden flame, upon which the word "Union" was emblazoned, the letters being displayed upon the national cross-barred shield. Another very popular and splendid piece was the "Fire Department," which is seen in our engraving. It displayed successively all the emblems of the profession. Engine, hose, hook and ladder, trumpets, helmets, &c., were all gorgeously counterfeited in variegated flame, and coalesced at the close in a glorious finale of ebullient fires. The "Fire Department" was accompanied by an allegorical representation of "Liberty and Justice," typified by female figures, which are also represented in our artist's sketch. At the same time a lively representation of a steamship appeared in a blaze of dazzling light.

The grand finale was the "Triumph of America," a piece of the most gorgeous and elaborate character, which fully deserved the rapturous applause which it elicited. A fine band was in attendance.

THE CONFESSIONS OF A DREAMER.

"HAD any more dreams lately, Harry?" This was a question addressed, laughingly, to me, one fine autumn evening—(I cannot say how many years ago, for I have lost all knowledge of time since then, but, still, a great number). The speaker was my betrothed wife. We had been engaged for two years, and our marriage was now fixed to take place in the middle of the next week. She was not what most people would call beautiful, but to me she was the loveliest being in the world. Her eyes were black, some said too black, for their extreme darkness seemed to render the pupil indistinct, which occasionally gave a vacant expression to the whole face. Her nose was slightly *retroussé*, but her mouth was perfection. No pencil could convey the mingled archness and sweetness of its smile; no pen could describe the winning softness and gentleness of its expression, when she was serious. Once seen it could never be forgotten; but, unless seen, it could never be imagined. She carried in her face the true stamp of a daughter of England—that exquisite complexion which is seen nowhere else, and the whole countenance was framed in rich masses of dark brown hair, so dark as almost to amount to black. Her height was somewhat below the average, but exquisitely proportioned and rounded. I have given but a feeble description of one whom I have always considered, and will always continue to think, the most exquisitely beautiful creature in the universe. Every movement, every glance, was to me a perpetual source of admiration and happiness. As I write I seem to

linger about this description, as an emigrant might hover about the home where he has spent his life, round which all his affections, his hopes and feelings have been entwined, but which he must now leave for ever.

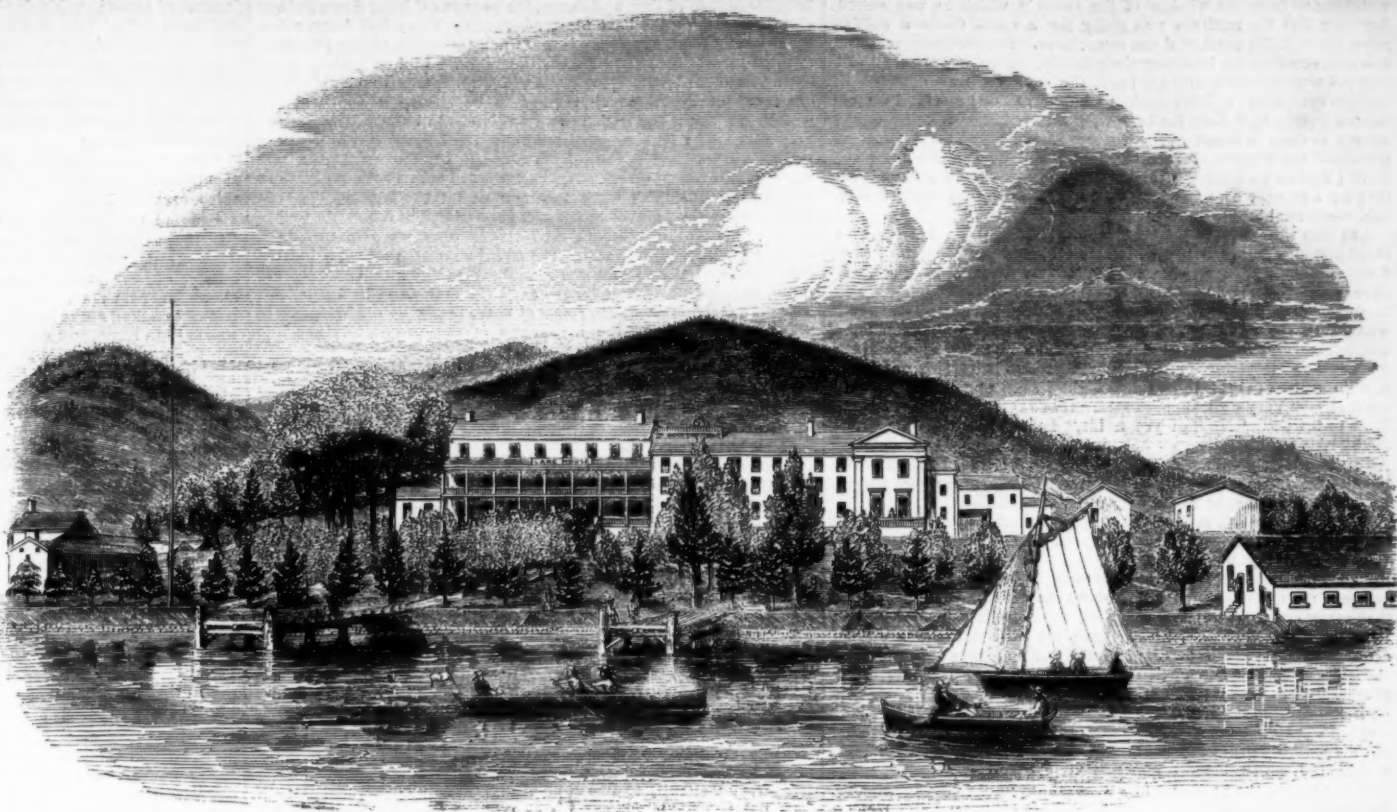
But I must get on with my confessions. How well do I remember the evening of which I am speaking! Kate and I had been running about the lawn of her father's house, playing with a favorite dog of hers. Wearied at length of her exertions, she had locked the dog up in a small room which looked out upon the lawn, and we were now both seated on the grass beside her mother, a grave-looking old lady, who bore upon her face the marks of trials and of sufferings. The lawn sloped down to the river-side, and we had been sitting for some time watching the craft lazily floating down the stream with the tide, and the swallows flitting and screaming about the surface of the water, in the golden light of the setting sun. The feeling of calmness and repose about the whole prospect had induced in me a dreamy, half-conscious state, to which I was only too often subject, when I was aroused from my reverie by Kate's bantering question, "Had any more dreams lately, Harry?" She had hit precisely upon the subject of my reverie, and it was with a start of surprise that I answered, "No—oh, no! but pray do not mention that subject again, it is painful to me." Kate's laughing expression changed into one of astonishment at the gravity of my tone; while Mrs. Stanley, looking up, said, "What, Harry, are you turning superstitious?" "No," I replied, "but I wish to break myself of a bad habit, and I think it best to commence by banishing the subject from my mind."

By consent, the subject dropped, and we continued talking on different matters, and watching the setting sun, until a servant came towards us with a note and a small casket, which he gave to Mrs. Stanley. After reading the note, she threw it to Kate,

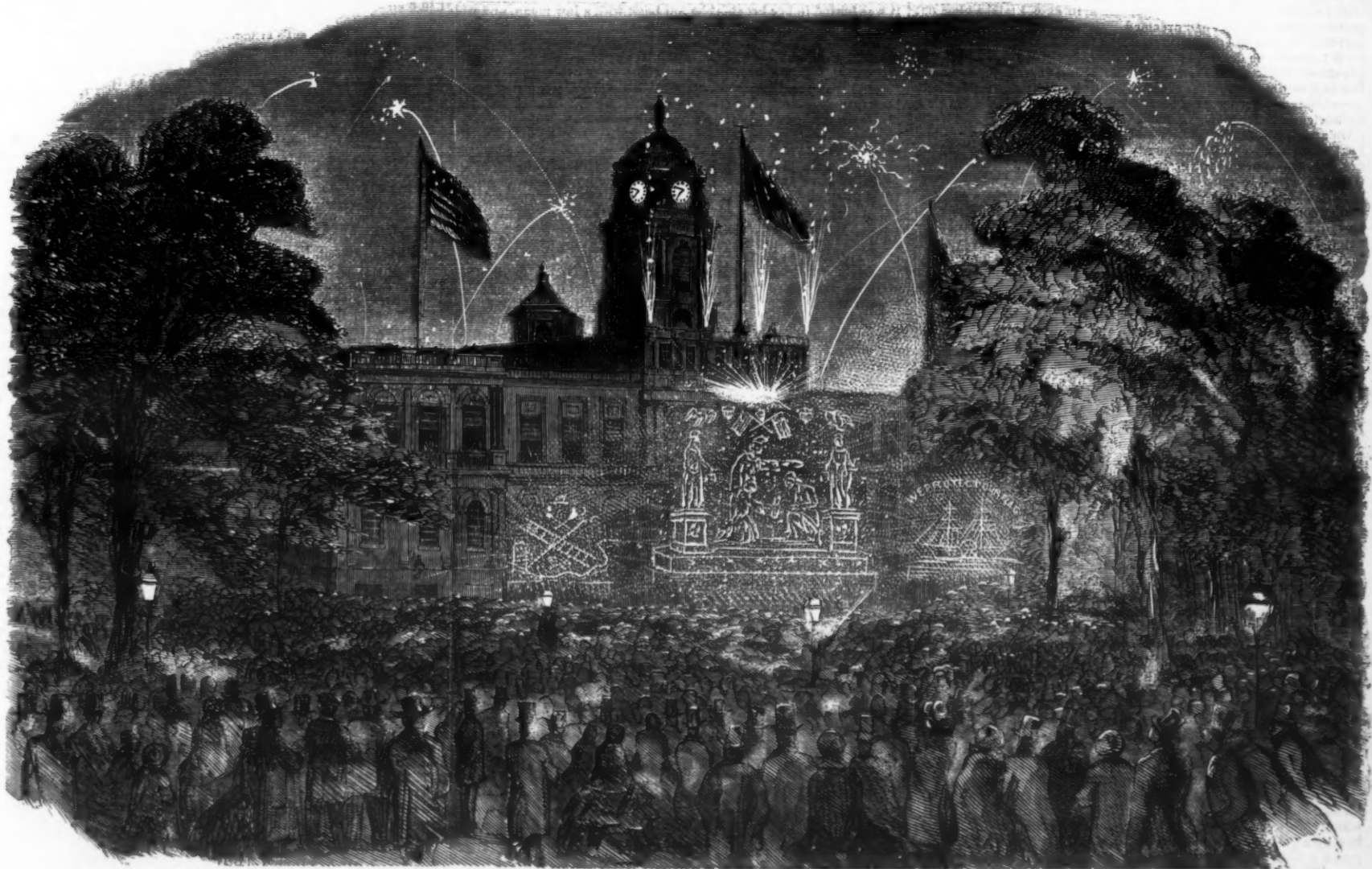
saying, "Your papa has been called away upon business, my dear, and will not be home to-night." "And what is in the box?" asked Kate. "Oh," said her mother, "these are Lady Duncan's jewels, which she sent to your papa to-day, to keep whilst she is in the country, and he not receiving them in time to put them in a safe place himself, has sent them out here." Kate was on her feet directly, crying, "Oh, do let us look at them; her diamonds are quite famous, you know;" and, with eager hands, she took out the casket, unlocked it, and arrayed herself in the jewels, which, certainly, were very beautiful.

With a triumphant glance at me, she swept past her mother and myself, with the most dignified step that she could muster. We both laughed heartily at her assumption of the character; but she turned round upon me, and said, saucily, "Ay, you may laugh, sir, but if these belonged to me, I should marry a duke, or an emperor, or a khan, or a mogul, or a dervish, or somebody equally grand, and cut you altogether;" and drooping me a low courtesy, she swept away again in the same mock-stately manner.

Beautiful as she was at that moment, and merrily as she spoke, I felt a cold shudder run through me from head to foot; and it was not until she had taken all the jewels off, and I had seen her place the casket in a closet, the key of which she carried away with her, that I felt comparatively reassured. "What are you going to do with the key?" I asked her, as we rejoined Mrs. Stanley on the lawn. Oh, I shall put it under my pillow to-night, and who knows of what great events I may dream?" At the word dream, the same dreadful shudder as before passed over me. I felt annoyed and vexed at myself for those feelings at the time. I little knew how much cause I had to fear them. Shortly afterwards I rose to go home. Kate walked to the gate with me, and just as we reached it, the little dog with which we had been playing, and which had been carefully



OUR WATERING PLACES, NO. 3.—THE LAKE HOUSE, LAKE GEORGE, CALDWELL.



EXHIBITION OF FIREWORKS, MANUFACTURED BY MESSRS. J. G. & I. EDGE, IN FRONT OF THE CITY HALL, ON THE 5TH OF JULY, 1858.

watching us from the window of the room in which he was locked, fancying that his mistress was going for a walk, made a sudden jump through the pane, and ran towards us. He, of course, received a severe scolding for breaking the window, but as a very infinitesimal cut was discovered on his nose, the scolding was changed at once to sympathy, and the broken window was forgotten. I remonstrated gently with Kate for bestowing all her kisses on the dog, and offered at once to break every window in the house; but we compromised the matter—I receiving the payment without doing the work; and so we parted, I thinking as little as she of all the evils that were so near us, but which we, poor, happy, short-sighted mortals, were unable to discover.

As I was wandering slowly home, for Mr. Stanley's house was a short distance from the town in which I lived, my thoughts full of Kate and our approaching wedding, I was greeted by the loud, cheery voice of my elder brother. "Halloo! Harry!" he said, "I thought I would find you mooning about here somewhere, and I wanted to see you. I'm going down to Crandon to-morrow for a day's shooting; will you go with me?" "I'll be very glad," said I. "What time are you going?" "Why, there are two trains, one at six and the other at eight, but I think eight's soon enough—so let's go by that." "Very well, then," I said, "that's agreed! Are you going back to town?" "No, not yet a bit," he replied; "I want to see Jack Slane about a new gun he's been bragging of tremendously." All right, then; good night," said I. (Slane's house was half a mile beyond the Stanleys.) "Good night," said Jack. And so we parted, I strolling on home, he in the opposite direction.

And now I come to my confessions, for hitherto my story has been innocent enough. I can scarcely expect every one to believe what I am going to say, but I am quite certain that there are many who, from a fellow feeling, will sympathize with and understand the extraordinary statements which I am about to make. I feel convinced that every one must have experienced my delusion (if I may so call it), in a more or less degree. Since my earliest childhood I had always been a great dreamer. Naturally of a nervous temperament, these dreams had made upon my young mind an extraordinary impression. I used to lie in my little bed in the mornings, thinking upon the dreams of the past night, and conjuring them up before my waking eyes once more. Through this kind of brooding and thinking my memory gradually became so retentive of my dreams that I recollected, with the most startling vividness, every dream that I had had during the previous night. And not only was this the case, but my dreams seemed all to assume a more connected and matter-of-fact form, and, though they might occasionally be interrupted by some wild incongruity, it was the exception, and not the rule.

Thus I grew up, cogitating much upon the cause and substance of dreams, and devoting myself to the formation of a theory, as a sort of hobby. At length, just as I had attained my majority, two years before the time of which I write, I was seized by a dreadful fever. I hovered on the brink of the grave for weeks, but a naturally strong constitution at length conquered, and I recovered. But from that day my dreaming propensity increased; and as they increased in number, so they also increased in vividness and circumstantiality. No incongruity ever interfered now with the thread of the story, but everything went on until the climax came. But worse than this—and now comes the dreadful part of my malady—for malady it was and is—instead of waking from them as dreams, they seemed to weave themselves into my every-day life. When I dreamed, which was always when I slept, my dream took up my life from the moment where it left off previous to my falling asleep, and carried it on in wild, fantastic paths until it left me sleeping again in the very spot where I was then lying. Thus, when I awoke, from the extreme vividness of what I had dreamed, and from the fact of having awoke in the place where I had dreamed that I had fallen asleep, I had my doubts as to which was life, and which were dreams.

But I fear I cannot explain myself sufficiently clearly, so I will give you one example, out of many, to show you what I mean. One evening, returning home somewhat late, I went to bed; falling asleep, I dreamed that it was morning, that I arose and went about my ordinary business. Then I met a friend who invited me to dine with him the next day. I promised, parted from him, went home, and, after reading for a while, retired to rest. I recollected this was all a dream, but it fitted in so exactly with my ordinary pursuits and habits that, on awaking, I thought it was all real, and went to dine with my friend that day. I then discovered that he had been out of town for a week. This is one instance out of hundreds that I could give. In fact, so numerous had they become that I was now often in doubt as to whether I was asleep or awake. I scarcely dared to mention any fact, or start any subject of conversation, in case I might blurt out some nonsense which I had dreamed. I have thus sat silent for hours together, fearing to commit myself and betray my dreadful secret; for it began to be dreadful now, and I kept it always secret, lest people should think me mad, as I had, at times, thought myself. But this supposition had, I fancy, no foundation, for I was exceedingly clear-headed in my business as a solicitor, and was much sought after for advice in difficult cases.

On arriving at home on the evening of which I have been writing, I sat down in my own peculiar easy chair, and, while gazing into the fire, fell into no very pleasant train of reflection. Naturally my thoughts turned to the fearful curse which seemed to be hanging over me. Lately it had become even worse. My dreams were no longer commonplace and matter-of-fact, but wild and fearful as the most dreadful visions ever experienced by the most confirmed opium eater. Yet, let them be wild or fearful as they might, there was still that dreadful vividness, still that awful connection with my every-day life. It began to be unbearable, and lately I had—first, in order to distract my thoughts from my malady, but afterwards from love of the vice—taken to gambling. As I sat alone, then, it may be imagined that my reflections were of a somewhat sombre character. How was I to overcome this dreadful affliction? It was clear that I must make an effort. While it remained I could not marry one that I loved so dearly as Kate, and devote her to a life of perpetual misery. No! I must get the better of it by sheer strength of mind. I would give up all gambling, eschew all excitement, put myself under good medical advice, and, if all that failed, why, then, there remained but—well, well, quite time enough to think of that yet. And so, with a heart a good deal lighter than before, I began to build magnificent structures of future happiness, until gradually my ideas began to jumble up together, and Kate became confused with the queen of trumps, and my brother and Kate's little dog seemed to get twisted together in some inexplicable way, and—in short, I dozed over in my old chair.

I awoke with a start. My fire had gone out; it was quite dark. While I was wondering what time it was, the town clock struck nine. Sitting for a few moments, I felt the same melancholy, depressing sensation which I had experienced before falling asleep stealing over me again. It was in vain that I struggled against it, in vain that I endeavored to think on other matters; so, in order to rid myself of it, I put on my hat and strolled into the town. I had scarcely walked a dozen yards when I met a young Frenchman, one of my gambling acquaintances, named Louis de Bercy, who stopped me and inquired where I was going. I answered that I scarcely knew. "Come along with me, then," said he; "there are a lot of fellows at Sam's whom you know; let's go and have some fun."

Now Sam's was the house where I had been in the habit of gambling. I disliked this Louis de Bercy, I scarcely knew why. I had just made a resolution never to enter a gambling-house again, and yet at that moment I felt so wretched and miserable that all my resolutions vanished before the prospect of an hour's excitement, and I accompanied him. I broke my resolution, and that was the turning-point of my life. On knocking at the door in a peculiar manner we were admitted, and greeted with loud shouts of recognition by a party of young men, all of whom I knew, who were gathered round a table in the centre of the room. It was a miserable place; the only furniture a few rickety chairs, and the said table covered with green baize cloth. The walls had once been gaily papered, but

in consequence of time and damp, the paper now hung down in long shreds, disclosing the bare plaster beneath. There had been a fire in the grate, but all were too intent upon their play to pay attention to it, and it had died out. Empty bottles and broken glasses were strewn about plentifully, and the whole room was illuminated with one great jet of gas, which seemed to be hissing in scorn at the wretched place it was called upon to light. But the human beings present were by far the most dreadful part of the picture. Most of them were young men, the sons of merchants in the town; the rest were blacklegs and sharpers. The flushed cheeks, eager expressions and incoherent talk of some told too well the wine had done its work; while the pale faces and compressed lips of others showed to what a pitch of excitement their minds were wrought up by the varying chances of the game. In painful contrast to these was the calm indifference and careless sangfroid of the proprietor of the room, as ill-looking a blackguard as could be imagined. I stood for a while watching the game, *rouge et noir*, firmly determined not to play, notwithstanding the invitations of the proprietor, and the solicitations of my friends.

But, alas! for good resolutions. In a few minutes I became interested in the game; then the interest deepened; I became absorbed. I felt the demon at my heart tempting me; I resisted firmly. But the fascination became too much for me, and soon I was playing as eagerly as any of those on whom I looked with so much pity on my first entry. At first I won largely, and, excited by my winnings—for who can describe the passionate, hideous pleasure of winning—I staked higher and higher. Up to a certain point I carried everything before me, but at length my luck seemed to turn, and I lost just as quickly as I had previously won. Higher and higher I played as a drowning man plunges in the water, only to sink the deeper still. At length a fearful moment came, there was but one chance for me. I staked again all I had. "Red," I cried. An instant elapsed, which seemed to me almost an age, and I had lost everything that I possessed.

I rushed madly from the accursed place, the jeering laughter of the winners ringing in my ears, like the shouts of a thousand demons, and inciting me to revenge. I had but one thought, one idea—revenge, to win back my own, and ruin those that laughed. But how to get the means? I must have money, and where was it to be had? The gambling devil had claimed me for his own now. I had no other wish or hope. Was it that fearful spirit that whispered in my ear, so distinctly and so appallingly, "The diamonds!" I know not, but the next moment I was running like a madman in the direction of Mr. Stanley's house. As I ran I heard the town clock boom out the hour of ten, I had been ruined in an hour. I never hesitated or stayed for a moment, but ran straight on, impelled apparently by some strange and unknown force, until I was in front of Mr. Stanley's house. I had formed no plan or resolution, but some one seemed still to whisper in my ear, "The jewels!" and I determined to have them. How to get into the house? I recollected suddenly the window which the dog had broken the same evening, which I knew had no shutter. I approached it, found it as I had supposed, and the next moment I was in the house. To grope my way into the room where the casket was, was to me perfectly easy, for I knew every inch of the house; but it was not until I reached the room that I recollected Kate's words of that evening, and that I remembered she had the key.

Did I hesitate? I think not. I had come for the diamonds as the fiend bade me, and he still seemed to whisper, "You must have them at any price." I turned from the room and slowly crept up stairs. Twice the stairs creaked as I slowly ascended them, and twice I stood and held my breath while I listened for any noise that might tell me that I was heard, but everything remained still as death. At length I reached the door of her room, turned the handle and entered. By the dim light of a small lamp, which stood in the centre of the room, I was enabled to reach her bedside without making any disturbance. I stood over her for a minute. Her lovely face seemed to me still lovelier as she slept. While I gazed, a gentle smile crossed her face; she was dreaming, perhaps, of me. I stooped down, and, gently as I could, put my hand beneath her pillow. Slowly I stretched it out, while I held my breath in order that not the slightest sound might escape me. I touched the key, seized it, and as slowly withdrew it. I had almost secured the prize, and was congratulating myself on my success, when, to my horror, she opened her eyes and fixed them for an instant wonderingly on mine. I was paralyzed for a second or two. Then she started up and would have screamed. Great God! how did I happen to have a knife in my hand, I know not; but there it was, and the next instant it was buried in her heart. She fell back with a low moan, and with one look at me, expired.

Shall I ever forget that glance, that pitying, sorrowing, reproachful look, without a trace of anger. No; it haunts me now. I see it as distinctly as I did then, and will see it until my dying day. I noticed that little or no blood flowed from the wound and then I hastened from the room. In the midst of all my confusion and horror—for I had never intended this—I never for a moment forgot the diamonds. I carefully took them from the place where I had seen them placed and then left the house as I had entered. I remember noticing that the earth beneath the window, by which I had entered, had been freshly dug up, and that in order to do away with any evidence that might result from my footsteps being discovered I kicked the soil about in all directions. This done, I ran as quickly up the garden as I could and was carefully closing the gate when some one struck me with the flat hand on the shoulder. A cold thrill of horror ran through me; I turned quickly and, by the light of the moon, discovered the face of my brother, who was just returning from his friend's house. "Halloo!" he cried, "what the deuce are you doing here at this time of night? You look like a burglar." My first impulse was to strike him dead and at once destroy all his evidence, for I had now no thought but for my own safety; but a moment's consideration suggested a plan so devilish in its ingenuity that I am sure the arch-fiend must have whispered it in my ear himself. In accordance with this plan, therefore, I answered him as quietly as I could, "that, being unable to sleep, I had taken a foolish fancy to walk over and watch by Kate's window."

He chaffed me good humoredly about my romance, laughingly remarking that he thought "I would get more cold than thanks for such a proceeding." I remember his gay, careless tone, and how it cut me to the heart, as well as if it had been yesterday that it all occurred. We walked into town together and he left me at my own door; he living in a separate house from me. His last words were, "Remember, then, the eight o'clock train and don't be too late." I bade him good night and closed the door. Of course I dare not now return to the gambling-house, for to have got Sam to lend me money on the jewels, as had been my original intention, after what had occurred, would have been sheer madness. I waited, therefore, until my brother should be out of sight and I then went out again. There was a field in the neighborhood of my house, in which there was a dung-heap, and it was in this heap that I concealed the casket, carefully marking the spot. I then returned home and sat down in my old chair to wait the dawn, when I had to put my scheme in execution.

As I sat there what a crowd of recollections seemed to flood my brain. I thought of all the happy days that I had spent with Kate; of the day when I first saw her and of that happy time when I first told my love and learnt that it was returned. And now I was her murderer. Just then the bell tolled twelve. Great Heavens, I thought, can it be that in three hours I have done such deeds. Three hours ago I was sitting in this very chair, unhappy, indeed, but still innocent, and now I am as great a criminal as the world ever saw, coolly planning a second murder, and that a fratricide, to conceal my guilt. A thousand horrible fancies seized me, tossing my brain hither and thither in the wildest confusion, in the midst of which, fairly worn out, I fell asleep.

When I awoke I found that it was half-past five. A confused recol-

lection of some horrible deed, such as I might have had from reading some fearful tale, at first returned to me; then, gradually, the whole of the hideous adventures of the preceding night dawned upon me in all their awful reality, and with the recollection returned that terror of detection and the memory of the plan I had formed to destroy my brother's evidence. I had not a moment to lose. I leaped from my chair, seized writing materials and hurriedly wrote the following note:

"DEAR JACK,—I cannot go with you this morning; I have just recollected some important business which will take me to Swaley this morning. Yours, HARRY."

I rushed out, put the note in the letter-box of his house, and hurried to the station, and by the six o'clock train went down to Crandon. Crandon was only about eight miles from our town (the name of which I have not mentioned for obvious reasons), so that I arrived about half-past six at my destination. I had two dreary hours to wait. I walked along an unfrequented lane, by which I knew Jack was sure to come, and sat down beneath a tree. How shall I describe my feelings as I lay that morning waiting to take a brother's life. The morning was exquisite, and as the day advanced everything around me seemed to awake to life with new gladness and pleasure. The yellow cornfields were smiling before me and the birds were pouring out their full-throated music, as they basked in the morning sun. The gentle breeze seemed whispering joy and happiness, and all but to taunt me with my crime and my misery, for they were all mixed up strangely with that last fearful glance which I had seen on poor Kate's face. I shuddered with fear and horror. Should I kill myself? Alas! I dare not. How could I rush into eternity with my hands dyed with the blood of one so pure and innocent? And the time passed slowly on, oh! how slowly, and ever and anon the wild fear of detection passed through my heart, like some deadly weapon, and my soul sunk within me. Eight o'clock at last! He had received my note—he was in the train. Another half hour was gone—a century it seemed to me; thirty-five minutes past—the time was fearfully near now. Two minutes more—no sound! What if he has changed his mind?—what if he had already heard the news?—if the police—Hush! a step—it advances! I crouch down in my hiding-place—my heart ceases to beat. All nature seems to stand still in horrible suspense—then I hear his voice; he says, "Hang it, I am sorry Harry couldn't come, it's so stupid by oneself." He passes—with a wild spring I am upon him—his gun is in my hands—a report—a groan—he falls! "Oh, Harry!" he murmurs. I drop the gun and the next moment I am careering madly over the country, on my way home.

On, on I fly, never stopping for breath, my only wish to reach the town in time to avert suspicion from myself. Oh! the dread selfishness of crime. On, on, through fields, over hedges and ditches, staying at no obstacle, deviating no inch from the straight line. But still, fast as I can go, aye, and though I could run ten times faster, 'twould be the same, I seem to hear a step behind me, following with dread determination on my track. Twice I stay to look behind for the person following, but no one can I see. Fast as I may run, too, I cannot outstrip my brother's face and hers, which still keep hovering about me as I go and will not be denied; but never mind. On, on still. Let me but get to town and I am safe. Safe, indeed! What mockery in that word. I may be safe from justice, but where shall I be safe from myself and conscience? But I thought not of that then, I thought only of present bodily safety and gave no thought to other punishments but those of this world. I remember a strange circumstance during that dreadful flight, which I shall narrate here. During the time I had waited for my brother, and ever since, mixed up with all my fears and thoughts, was the refrain of an old chorus, and now, as I ran for my life, I was still humming inwardly that same familiar tune. I could not rid myself of it, do what I would, and the terrible words I sang to it were, "I've murdered my brother—I've murdered my wife!"

At length I reached home. All was yet well. I had not been missed, for I was never called, and got up when I chose. I stayed in-doors until the afternoon, packing up a few things, in case the worst should happen, and I should be compelled to fly. I was surprised that I heard no news of the murder of last night. I sat expecting a message to tell me of the occurrence every minute, and still I was haunted by the faces of my dead brother and betrothed, and still I heard the following footsteps, beating time to the refrain of the old chorus. At length I could bear the suspense no longer, I went out. The first thing I did was to look for the casket, which until that moment I had almost forgotten. Great God, it was gone! In a state bordering on distraction, I rushed from the place. What should I do? Some strange inward power seemed to drive me to the scene of last night's crime. Strive as I would, I could not resist the fascination, and at the familiar gate I found myself again. How my hand shook as I raised the latch. I entered, reached the lawn; my knees trembled beneath me as I gazed at the house. If I had been surprised at not receiving any message, I was ten times more surprised to find the house in no confusion. Everything was quiet, as usual. The gardener was working not far from me, and whistling at his work. I looked at the window by which I had entered. It was still broken, but (and as I saw it, the cold perspiration stood in beads upon my brow) there were no marks upon the bed below, except the footmarks of the dog, made on the previous day. I stood, almost petrified with astonishment. I raised my eyes, and met Kate's laughing glance, as she stood before me. With a loud scream, I fainted.

When I revived, Kate and her mother were still bending over me, administering restoratives. "Are you better now?" said Mrs. Stanley, in the kind tones of her familiar voice. "What a fright you have given us! What caused your sudden illness?" "For God's sake, Kate," I said, without answering Mrs. Stanley, but grasping Kate's hand, "tell me, am I awake or dreaming?" "Dreaming?" she said, wondering, "of course you are not; what are you thinking about now, you silly fellow?" and she stooped down and kissed me. I felt her warm breath upon my face, and her lips, as they touched mine, and was almost convinced; but as a last proof, I asked to see the jewels which she had worn the night before. She ran, and in an instant returned with the casket.

I saw it all at a glance. The whole adventure had been a fearful dream. I remembered that it was in the same chair that I awoke, as I went to sleep in at first. It was but one of those dreadfully connected visions of which I have written, and I thanked God that I had been spared this crime. But suddenly an awful thought flashed across my brain. My brother! Was that, too, a dream? Without a word, I started up, and hurried to town. On the way I met de Bercy, with several of those I had seen at the gambling-house, in my vision, out upon a trip into the country. They saluted me gaily as I passed. How unlike the scene that I had seen so distinctly the night before. I hurried on, my mind trembling between fear and hope. I reached the house. The blinds were all down. A pang shot through me, and I had scarcely strength enough to pull the bell. The door was opened by an old housekeeper; her eyes were red with weeping. I could only summon up courage to murmur, "My brother?" "Oh, sir! have you not heard?"—and here the faithful creature's voice was interrupted with fresh sobs. "Heard what?" I shouted wildly; and rushing past her, I darted up stairs, and into his room. The curtains of the bed were drawn. On the table was a piece of paper; I lifted it. It was my own note. My heart sank within me. I raised the curtain of the bed, and there lay the dead body of my noble-hearted brother, as I had left it that morning in the lonely lane; the head almost blown off, but a calm smile upon his handsome mouth.

The awful truth was at once clear to me. The first crime had been a dream; but under that dream's fearful influence, I had really committed the second. With a deep groan, I fell senseless on the body of my murdered brother.

His death was attributed to accident. I was never suspected. I

was long ill after this; and on my recovery, sought relief in change of scene; but alas, it never came. The years that I have spent since then would fill volumes, were all their miseries disclosed. I have never seen Kate since that day.

Smart Boy.

"Well, whose pigs are those?"
"Old sow's, sir."
"Whose sow is it?"
"Old man's, sir."
"Well, then, who is your old man?"
"If you mind the pigs I'll run home and ask the old man."
"Never mind, sonny. I want a smart boy—what can you do?"
"I can milk the geese, ride the turkeys to water, hamstring the grasshoppers, light fires for flies to court by, cut the buttons off dad's coat when he is at prayers, keep tally for dad and mam when they scold at a mark—old woman is always ahead."
"Got any brothers?"
"Lots of 'em—all named Bill except Bob, his name's Sam—my name's Larry, but they call me Lazy Lawrence for shortness."
"Well, you are most too smart for me."
"Travel on, old stick-in-the-mud, I shan't hire you for boss to-day."

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It has been proved on one occasion that a flash of lightning must have struck the church—St. George's, Leicester, England—with a force equal to more than 12,000 horse power. A single horse power is equal to raising 35,000 pounds one foot high in one minute. The force of the lightning, therefore, was equal to 384,000,000 pounds raised one foot high in one minute. This is equal to the power of twelve of our largest steamers, having 24 engines of 600 horse power each.

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The Cambridge Chronicle says that a broker in Boston recently purchased of the heirs of an old man 94 years of age, who died recently in Barnstable county, a quantity of coin which had evidently been hoarded up for many years. The deceased owned the house and land which he occupied, but it was not supposed that he owned much property besides, although he was known to be close and miserly. After his death his premises were searched, and specie of various kind was found to the amount of about fifty thousand dollars. Many of the Spanish dollars were of ancient date, but they showed by their color and perfect stamp that they had not circulated much since their coinage. The Spanish gold pieces were inclosed in scraps of parchment, on which the value of each was marked, and the date indicated that they had been thus hoarded for a long period. In all probability a large part of this gold and silver had been in his possession more than half a century.

CORPORAL RASKINS is a man of observation. Says that all the allied army went to Russia for was to lick her. For, he observes, didn't they come right home after taking something strong? The corporal probably has reference to Sebastopol.

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Tommy (to Grandma, who is suffering from the heat)—"Oh, Gran'ma, I haven't got anybody to play with! Won't you please make believe you're a pony, and let me ride about on your back?"